

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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Sunday, July 11, 1937

Guests We Never Invite Again

By the
Brilliant
Satirist
FISH



The Cocktail Party Guests Who Won't Go — and You Have an Important Evening Party to Go to



Guests Who Leave Things Behind Them — For You to Send on



Guest Who Arrives Too Early, and Comes Right Up to Your Boudoir before You Are Dressed



The Experienced Traveller Guest Who Knows Everything, After You Have Ordered the Dinner Insists on Supervising, Saying — "Charles (the Head Waiter) Knows Me Too Well to Give You Rubbish"



Jolly Old Friend of Your Husband Who Wears Hobnailed Boots, and Cuts Up Your Parquet Floor

Remarkable Exploits Of "Chief," The Pet Of The Firemen

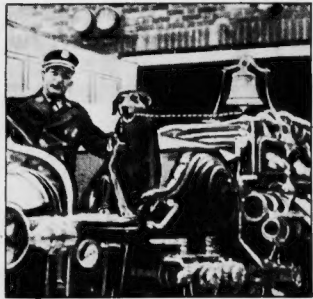
THERE may be, somewhere in this country, a larger dog than "Chief," who is a full-fledged member of Engine Company No. 2, the volunteer fire-fighting outfit of Olyphant, Pennsylvania. But the 28 members of that organization never will believe it, and neither will anybody else who lives in that section of the State.

"Chief" is a Belgian Shepherd and is about seven years old. He belongs to Andrew Ohtomsky, driver of the fire company truck, but has been adopted by the entire community. He is so genuinely useful at the business of fighting fires that he was, long ago, elected a regular member of the company and has a chair reserved for him at the regular meetings of the organization. When the business of the session is over and the boys break out into a song, "Chief" sings, too, and in a voice that is pleasant to the ear, if not exactly lyrical.

But it's when the fire alarm rings that he shows off his talents. If he is on the second floor of the fire-house he leaps into action and gets on the driver's seat. He rings the truck bell by holding the cord in his mouth, and doesn't stop ringing until the truck is at the scene of the fire.

It is only when some interloper attempts to board the truck and steal a free ride to the fire that "Chief" quits his well-earned job long enough to drive the fellow off, unless his master assures him that it is all right for the stranger to be there.

The dog usually guards the truck when it pulls up at the scene of action, unless his services are needed elsewhere. He won't allow the firemen of another company to lay a hand to hose or axe unless the stranger is accompanied by a member of Company No. 2.



Chief All Ready to Go to the Fire. He Has the Bell Cord in His Mouth.

who tells "Chief" that everything is all right.

There are times when Mr. Ohtomsky wants to know how things are going with the other members of the company. He tells "Chief" to make a tour of inspection and come back with a report. The dog checks every foot of hose laid out, locates every member of the company. If everything is in order he comes back and just wags his tail. If there is trouble he leads his master to the spot and barks until he knows that the boss sees what's up.

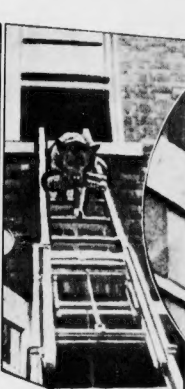
At times Mr. Ohtomsky wants to

send something, like a nozzle or an axe, to some member of the company. He gives the object to "Chief" and tells him which man to deliver it to. The job is promptly done, even if the dog has to go inside a building and find his man.

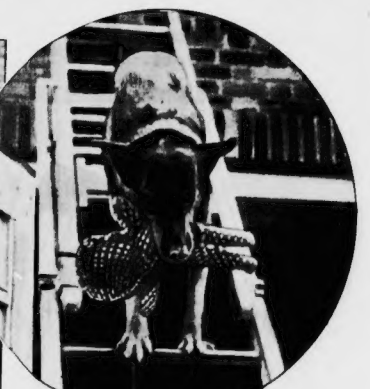
"Chief" is a crack climber of ladders and is strong enough to carry a good-sized infant from the second story to the ground. He is sure-footed and

On the Scene, the Dog Sniffs Only a Signal to Start Him Up the Ladder Into the Theoretically Burning Building, to Rescue Any Possible Victims.

knows how to grab onto dresses and such so that the wearer isn't pulled by his sharp teeth. "Chief" has attended many firemen's



On This Occasion Chief Found a Rag Doll and the Picture Shows Him About to Embrace With the "Victim."



Closeup of the Sure-Footed Pet, Descending the Tall Ladder With the Doll.

conventions and is a veteran of more than 440 alarms. He's a real fireman, and he knows it.

Now Nobody Will Ever Know Why He Grew an Eight-foot Beard

THE late Gunder O. Larson, of Lyle, Minnesota, apparently had some good and sufficient reason for growing one of the longest beards ever raised in this country or anywhere. Even in Japan where the oldsters pride themselves on the spread of their mustaches and the length of their chin foliage, Mr. Larson would have been considerable of a figure.

Mr. Larson's son, Herman, often thought that his father, who died in the son's home at the age of 76, might have confidential about his beard and explain just why he started the emment in the first place and why he never

had it trimmed during his lifetime. But the old man died without offering a word which might throw light on his rather unusual habit. Police around Lyle recall a strange fact about Mr. Larson's whiskers—he was always more than a little self-conscious about them. When he went anywhere he seldom kept the trailing growth in plain sight, but rolled up the eight-foot length of hair and tucked it under his vest.

Even when people came to call on Mr. Larson in the privacy of his own home he concealed the long beard if he didn't know the caller intimately. Yet, in spite of his shyness about

what most men would have exhibited to the world as a mark of distinction, this man used to spend some time every day grooming his elongated whiskers. He derived a great deal of personal satisfaction in having the accumulation of years and years of growth on his face but he wasn't much interested in impressing others with his assumption.

It was seldom that Mr. Larson permitted anyone to snap pictures of his beard but once as the photograph graphically shows, he made up his mind to go to the photographers and have the thing recorded in all its glory. He took his son along with him and went to a

great deal of pains to see that the whiskers were draped just so before the man behind the black cloth squeezed the bulb.

Strangely enough Iowa, as well as Minnesota, claimed the honor of having this extraordinarily long beard on its soil. And there was some justification for the claim. Mr. Larson lived just across the line dividing the two States. His home was in Iowa but he always kept his name at the Lyle, Minnesota, post office.

When he was a rather handsome young man, Larson gave up using the razor on his chin. For a time people thought that he wanted the credit of growing a long beard which would

sort of single him out from his fellow men, but that wasn't it, or he wouldn't have been so sensitive about showing the creation in public.

The hawk glasses seemed to be that he got used to the thing and couldn't bear to destroy something that had taken years to acquire. Any way he hung on to the beard until the last days of his illness when it was cut off.



The Late Gunder Larson, and His Son Herman. Note the Length of the Beard Which Trails Down Over the Son's Shoes.

Mr. & Mrs. Rabbit Present -

THE rabbit is in the minds of most youngsters, the "cutest" and gentlest of creatures. It is a soft-eyed, soft-coated member of the rodent family glorified in song and legend and shares with the fluffy, yellow chick the job of symbolizing the Easter season and the coming of spring.

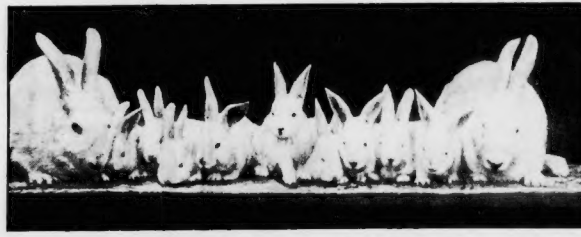
But for all its gentleness and its appealing appearance, the domesticated rabbit-like the handsome family shown in the photograph—and its wild relatives, are not as popular as they might be because they would soon overrun the world if they were allowed to raise all the youngsters that they want to.

Leave Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit alone and don't interfere with their domestic life and they will present their owner with four or five litters a year. The second generation matures in about six months

and can join their folks in making more "bunnies." It is plain to see that, in a year or two, one pair of rabbits would so increase rodent population that it would take a big farm to provide them with room to hop around in and with green stuff enough to fill their stomachs.

The family seen in the photograph is a handsome ménage of its kind. But down in Australia or New Zealand it would be difficult to

present them to anyone as a gift. In those islands in the South Pacific there are so many rabbits that they are public menace No. 1 and once or twice a year the populace takes up arms and goes on hunts to shoot the pests.



Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit and Their White Brood, All Ears, as the Camera Clicks to Record Their Arrival. Papa and Mamma Are Quite Proud of Their Nine Youngsters.

Fighting Sleeping Sickness With Radio Waves

THIS machine, which has yet to prove its value with exhaustive tests, is a short-wave apparatus with a special tube that emanates rays as short as two meters. This tube is only half of the device; the other half is a separate electrical circuit to which is attached an ultra-modern gadget called the electrical surgical knife.

Already several experiments have been made with the machine that may some day revolutionize the procedure in certain diseases, and the indications are that Signor Marconi has made another important contribution to the

progress of the human race. It is likely that the short waves broadcast from the device will prove useful in the treatment of the dread and mystifying disease, sleeping sickness. Just how the ultra-short waves affect the body so that the lethargy and stupor are overcome to a certain degree is not understood well enough to be plainly explained. But the tissues are "waked up" and the patient seems to be set on the road to recovery more quickly than by any other method of treatment.

Doctors who have watched the new machine at work predict that it also

may prove useful in combating several types of tropical diseases and lead to a new method of dealing with scurvy and arthritis.

Italian medical men, like doctors in every other country, are careful in their statements about new devices and new methods for combating disease. They know that it will be many years, for example, before any practical treatment for cancer is likely to be discovered.

With certain reservations, however, they find the Marconi short-wave apparatus, with its electrical knife, a hopeful thing for cancer sufferers.



Berenice Belcher, the Brooklyn Girl Who, Though She Flunked in Art in Public School, Now Makes a Good Living Painting Portraits, While Still Employed as a Waitress in Florida. Berenice is Shown With a Portrait of a Russian Family, and Also Making the Likeness of a Snoring Customer.



The Waitress Who Paints Portraits Between Meals

A 19-year-old Berenice Belcher, who hails from Brooklyn, N. Y., doesn't turn out to be an able portrait painter. It won't be because she hasn't worked hard and made the most of such talent as she has.

Great at a swanky Florida hotel, where Miss Belcher worked as a waitress, noticed that the girl always was sketching when she wasn't busy juggling trays loaded with dishes. She carried a little pad in the pocket of her apron and, with charcoal and crayon, "made notes," as she put it, of people's faces, palm trees against the blue sky, brown bodies leaning away the time under brightly colored beach umbrellas. She tried not to be conspicuous about her drawing, but people couldn't help noticing her.

One day a guest, with something of an appreciation for art, pored over the girl's shoulder and noticed that she was doing a very good likeness of a patron who did not even suspect that she was the subject of an informal art study. This guest promptly commended the girl to do a life-size portrait in oils of her, and was willing to pay well for the picture.

Berenice is a girl who doesn't believe in wasting valuable time. She wants to get somewhere in the

field of art and usually does her sketching and painting in her waitress outfit because valuable minutes would be spent in changing clothes in the free time she has between meals.

When the painting waitress got out of school, which was not so long ago, she signed up as a waitress on a passenger liner. On that job too she spent her spare time sitting in a corner of the deck where people wouldn't notice what she was doing and sketched some of the travelers on whom she waited. Other jobs followed—dental assistance, a helper in a laboratory, reporter for a South American newspaper. She didn't slight any of these jobs, but she kept right on making sketches of things that caught her eye and her artistic fancy.

With the money that she earns as a tray juggler and an artist, Berenice will go to art school and, just as soon as she has money enough laid by, she plans to take ship for India to do portrait sketches of the many types found in that populous country. Such a trip has been her ambition for some time.

Experts who have seen her work predict that she will, some day, be an expert portrait painter.

How They Picked the Co-Ed With the Most Kissable Lips

A Group of Owners of Pretty, Kissable Lips Who Entered the Contest at Weber College, in Ogden, Utah. But Their Faces, Which Won Them Honors in a Previous Beauty Contest, Did Not Help Them, for Their Features, Excepting Their Lips, Were Masked by a Curtain. The Boys From the Campus Had to Vote on the Kissable Qualities of the Lips Alone.



THE French, celebrated for their appreciating of feminine charms, stage annual contests to locate and pay tribute to the girl with the most beautiful lips. Sometimes they go as far as to take in more territory than their own country, making the affair international in flavor. The judges have lots of fun studying and measuring the rouged mouths of the pretty entrants.

Such goings-on are expected in France, but it's news when college students in Utah get to thinking about the lips of the good-looking co-eds and wanting to stage a competition, analyzing this important feature of the feminine face in even more detail than is the custom overseas.

The enterprise was undertaken on the campus of Weber College, which is in Ogden, Utah. Just who had the inspiration isn't a matter of record, but somebody did, and took the idea up with Mrs. Lucille Clark, dean of women, who after due deliberation, saw no sound reason why the student body shouldn't pick the girl on the campus with the "most kissable" lips.



Here's How They Voted. Each Pair of Lips Was Exhibited Through a Hole in the Curtain.

make-up. Here and there objections were raised by certain womenfolk in a position to

influence campus life at good old Weber. They were afraid that the winner of the contest "might be subjected to un-

due advances" as a result of the competition, the custom of kissing being as popular as it is.

But, these objections were brushed aside when Mayne Harrison W. Perry, of Ogden, agreed to serve on the board

Third Award Was Given Leone Grady, Who Has a Pretty Face to Match Her Lips and Who Belongs to the Brunette Division.

The Second Prize Went to Blanche Maxine Scellian, Who Is the Proud Possessor of an Almost Perfect Cupid's Bow Mouth.



The Winner! Valine Checketts, Who Totaled the Most Votes and Who Is Now Entitled to Hold the Kissable Lips Title Until Well Into 1935.

of judges along with Dr. E. L. Miner of the college faculty, Con Jacobson, a member of the student body and others. These officials went into a huddle and decided a screen, which would conceal everything except their mouths and the area immediately thereabouts, must be used, to insure fairness.

The photographs on this page show the contest underway and the three good-looking winners—Valine Checketts, Maxine Scellian and Leone Grady. The voters admitted after the contest that they got in trim for the interesting show by repeating such lip-puckering phrases as "steved prunes and peaches."

Went on Sit-Down Strike to Win Support from Her Husband

THE good people of Longmont, Colorado, never saw a better show than the one that went on for seven days while Mrs. Genevieve Johnson staged a one-woman sit-down strike on the lawn of her husband's folks. They were sorry when the police finally grew weary of the crowds and the situation in general and managed to move the twenty-nine-year-old striker out of the rocking chair in which she had decided to sit until her spouse agreed to pay her the sum of \$6.70 a week so that she could live apart from him.

Mrs. Johnson had read in the papers that the sit-downers in the present industrial mixer were doing all right in most cases. More often than not the strikers seemed to be getting what they wanted and, she reasoned, if she made a nuisance of herself by camping in the front yard of her husband's folks she might get what she was after without the necessity of hand-to-hand arguments or court action.

Anyway she moved a rocking chair to the Johnson place, where her husband had gone after a family row, and vowed to stay put until her husband promised to pay her the modest amount she thought she needed to live alone

and like it. Her husband promptly left town, without going into negotiations with her and his people just pulled down the curtains and tried to ignore the situation. But they couldn't help being upset by the confusion and general gaiety that followed on the heels of the State's first one-woman sit-down strike.

Word spread for miles around that Mrs. Johnson was camped on the lawn of her in-laws. The townspeople strolled by the place to see the fun and farmers drove in from miles around. Day after day the woman sat and the audience increased. At the end of a week the case was being given a lot of publicity in the papers and everybody was talking about it. A peanut vendor did a brisk business



with the curious crowd that gathered on the sidewalk and in the street in front of the Johnson house. A policeman was detailed to the job to keep traffic moving. One day the Elks' cowboy band, in full regalia, paraded up the main street and stopped in front of the Johnson house to serenade the sit-downer and the mob helping her keep her vigil.

It seemed that everything happened to make the strike spectacular and an interesting paper to observe. One night a couple of dogs got into a scrap and

almost upset the chair while the crowd cheered the canine contestants. Another time Mrs. Johnson decided that she had to have a bath, crowd or no crowd. Some friends fetched a tub of water and a big canvas tarpaulin and, difficult as the job was, Mrs. Johnson managed to bathe and refresh herself for some days in her rocking chair.

Only in the early morning hours, and then only for a few minutes, did Mrs. Johnson quit her rocking chair. Then she dashed to the home of neighbors and dashed right back again before there was much danger of someone stealing her seat.

For a time the police looked upon the affair as amusing but when it went into the second week with the attendant traffic problems and the curious crowds cluttering up the street the officers began to register boredom. They threatened to put up a high board fence around the sit-down strike in an effort to discourage the curious from collecting in the neighborhood.

Finally after sixteen days and nights the police induced Mrs. Johnson to quit her strike, and her husband brought out for divorce, charging that her stunt performed in his parents' yard was "crude and inhuman."

Tennessee Turtle Lives to Learn Whether Two Heads Are Better Than One

DAME NATURE is a tricky creator of life and, although most of her productions are normal, she sometimes tosses off strange freaks to confound the scientists and keep the

carnivals and sideshows supplied with living oddities.

One of the queerest freaks recently discovered was found in a swamp near Powell, Tennessee, by a nine-year-old boy who proudly brought the thing home. It is a two-headed diamond back turtle and people in that section of

the country couldn't remember when they had seen the like of the creature.

The turtle is a little one, only about as big around as a silver dollar. Natives who know something about turtles estimated that it wasn't more than six months old when the lad snared it from a muddy bank.

The old saying, "Two heads are better than one" isn't true in the case of such freaks. It is seldom that animals

with an extra head live long after birth and, even if they do survive, they are not as well equipped as their single-headed relatives to hold their own in the never ending battle for the survival of the fittest.

The records show that several two-headed calves have been born on American farms in the past half century. One or two of these freaks lived for a year or so and were exhibited at fairs

and in sideshows but, before they had time to grow up, they died and were turned over to taxidermists to stuff out their usefulness, if any, as finished exhibits.

The diamond back turtle takes its place with a two-headed rattlesnake when it comes to growing up. Last year was found sunning itself in Dimitt County,

Texas. The rattler—which also was called a diamond back—was full of pep for a creature that was built wrong, and tried to attack the cameraman. The serpent used both heads, each equipped with two eyes and a set of flicking fangs.



Photo of an Old Tombstone Showing a Tree Growing Encircling the Grave Marker.

Tombstone Swallowed by a Tree

A CHICAGO man by the name of Bethel has one of the most unusual hobbies in the world—collecting pictures of old tombstones. During a search of many years which has rewarded him with some rare photographs he has found few grave markers like the one shown in the picture.

The headstone itself is not remarkable for size or design. It is of the familiar slab type that was common half a century ago. But the stone is an oddity because a tree has slowly been swallowing it since it was erected in a rural Illinois cemetery.

Years ago when the grave was new and the slab was white and unmarked by the ravages of wind and weather the tree was a sapling some distance

from the stone. Apparently it did not occur to the relatives of the deceased or to the monument maker that the day would come when the tree would so grow in diameter that it would touch the gravestone and either push it over or grow around it.

The tree, a veteran with a gnarled trunk, obligingly adjusted itself so that each year the new growth rings bend where they touch the slab and expand on each side.



The Two-Headed Diamond Back, No Bigger Than a Silver Dollar, Found Alive and Healthy by a Boy in Rome Bayon, Near Powell, Tennessee.

Col. Green's Practical Jokes

The Jolly Multimillionaire Son of America's Stingiest Woman Bought or Had Made for Himself Anything He Took a Fancy to and Hugely Enjoyed Playing Tricks on His Friends



Colonel Edward H. R. Green in His Uniform as a Texas Soldier. He Amused Everybody by Running for Governor on the Republican Ticket in This Overwhelmingly Democratic State and, as a Reward for His Party Campaigns, the Democratic Governor Appointed Him a Colonel on His Staff.



Panoramic Photograph of Col. Green's 200-Acre Estate Near New Bedford, Massachusetts, Showing His Residence in the Distance, the Pole of His Radio Station, Hangar for His Airplanes, and the Old Whaling Ship Morgan.

the other two would not part with them for anything like that price.

So after his advertisements had been published, he would hunt out laughing every time he thought of the frenzied racket hunt he had started here and there around the country with hundreds of people running about searching for something that would never find and eagerly examining every five-cent piece they could get their hands on, hoping it would be the one to bring them a small fortune.

Along the drive-ways, through his estate at Round Hill, near South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, he had large signs which read: "Drive slowly, jump ahead!" There were no bumps of course, but Col. Green thought it was very funny when his visitors jumped on the brakes as soon as they saw one of these signs, and proceeded cautiously over his perfectly constructed roads. But this joke was really "practical" for the colored did not like fast driving, and used to "poke" around his estate about fifteen miles an hour in a specially built electric trolley, just big enough for himself.

A man of many different interests and hobbies, he went through life a simple, down-largely, it was said to be his mother's misanthropy. When he was a boy he dabbled in his knowledge while coasting, and although Betty Green at that time was already worth many millions, rather than pay a doctor, so the story goes, she tried various home remedies, including applications of hot sand, which caused the flesh to slough away. Three years later, diagnosed as a beggar, she took him to the charity ward of a New York hospital. But when the authorities discovered who she was, they demanded payment. So Betty took him away, and five years after the accident the boy's leg was amputated in the cheap boarding-house where his mother and other lived. But instead of being bitter and resentful, he had a joyous, unselfish disposition, and spent most time thinking of how to make others happy, than about himself.

At the end of the winter season down in Florida he used to pick out some dress shop, buy up the entire left-over stock, move it to his fifty-room house on Star Island, and pass out the garments one at a time to any women he thought needed them, taking special pleasure in selecting the dresses he thought would be most becoming to particular individuals. He paid for a special bus to take other people's children to his school. He allowed the public to use his private beach, and held fireworks displays on the Fourth of July. He supplied neighborhood children with materials to make model airplanes and then gave handsome prizes to the winners of a yearly contest of the state. On Christmas Eve he used to drive around handing out \$10 bills to every



Col. Green Had a Lame Leg and He Bought Him to Get an Aid of an Automobile Door, So He Had an Automobile Built With a Door Six Feet High.

unformed policeman he met, and he got a big kick out of knowing that detectives were searching around him, trying to terrorize and capture him. He was a good waylay him and get Christmas gifts. Having no children of his own, he and his wife adopted twenty young girls, and then he made them into a "charity" of his own. He was a generous doer, when they became engaged. In fact, he was so different from his penny-pinching mother that it seems almost the only thing he inherited from her, outside of two-thirds of her wealth, was his remarkable business sense. He made money faster than he could spend it, and frequently something he started as a hobby turned out to be a profitable enterprise.

Down in Texas he built a series of large greenhouses to experiment with methods of getting rid of boll-wool. But he was too practical to see anything wanted, so he grew flowers, which would serve all right for the experiments, and could also be sold. In a short while this side line was netting him a profit of \$100,000 a year. Col. Green had millions tied up in stamps, rare currency and coins, and jewels, but probably the collection that amused him the most was his prized assortment of fine old "early American" brass cuspids. These were set out at strategic points on the carpet surrounding his desk at Round Hill, and the colonel used to sit back in his swivel chair and practice flipping cigarette stubs into them. It delighted him to show visitors how he could send a stub sailing clear

across the room and down into a cuspidor as neatly as a golf champion sinking a difficult putt. In the way he handled his jewel collection, which he once said had cost him \$200,000 and was worth it in the fun he got out of it, he was about as casual as a schoolboy with a bag of marbles, and he often went around with gems valued at half a million in his pants' pockets along with his change and keys. When he reached down to get pennies for a newspaper, his hand would come out holding half a dozen uncut diamonds, rubies or emeralds, mixed with the coins, and that, of course, seldom failed to make bystanders gasp. "Here, take a look at this one," he would say. "Isn't it a beauty?" And he would let somebody who probably did not have \$10 in the bank hold a \$10,000 jewel up to the light. If cautioned that this was a risky thing to do in a public place, he would chuckle and reply: "Why not? I can't get my money's worth out of them any other way. What good would it do to keep them locked up where nobody could enjoy them?"



Col. Green, in His Funny, Little, Specially-Made Automobile With Portable Radio and No Gears to Bother His Feet, Because One of His Legs Was Lame.

He introduced the first automobile in Texas—a big, red, noisy one, which made practically every horse that saw it run away and wreck its rig. But even that increased his popularity, for he did not wait for damage suits, but settled for cash, on the spot.

When one of his former railroad employees started poisoning as a result of his poisoning, Green not only let him use his railroad to make "thrillers," but helped to tie the heroine to the cow-catcher and whistled with excitement when the hero got out in a hand-car to catch the villain.

Betty heard he was dabbling in politics, and just as she did on another occasion when she began to worry about his going up in one of those newfangled flying machines, she threatened to tell him—but he just laughed and did as he pleased. He knew nothing on earth could make her dishearten him, for he had demonstrated his ability to make, keep and manage money, and that was the one thing that mattered to her. So he ran for governor of Texas on the Republican ticket, and got himself gloriously licked, of course, but everybody admired him so much for taking that sporting chance that a Democratic governor later gave him his military title by appointing him a colonel on his staff.

But Betty was growing old. Her only daughter, Sylvia, had gone ahead but she was still a child. She married Matthew Aator Wilks, who at 65 was too old to suit Betty, and besides did not have as much money as she thought he should have. She was a great grandchild of the first John Jacob Astor. Her own husband, Edward H. Green, who had lost his early fortune speculating in Wall Street, and thus aroused her unforgiving jealousy, had finally died in the hotel where she personated him off on a pittance, refusing to live any longer with a man who lost money instead of making it.

So she sent for Ned, turned over all her affairs to him, and made him a sort of regent over her vast real estate empire. Affable as always, the colonel received reporters when they arrived in New York, and when they asked him if he would ever get married he said:

"Yes, but when I do she will be a widow, not a fatherless horse. She won't have a dollar, but she must be old-fashioned, motherly and jolly. She must be a little beautiful, too, but must have grit enough to bring me to the courtship, because I'm a busy man."

When that statement was published he received a flood of letters proposing marriage, but after reading them he then threw up his pink ribbon, ruffled his hair, his white necktie, and waited until after his mother's death. Then he married Miss Mabel E. Harlow of Chicago, whom he had known for 15 years.

At the time it was said, he offered to settle two million dollars on her—and it now seems she always called him, what it cost to put up buildings as he would have sense enough to appraise them accurately and not get stuck when she started him buying mortgages for her.

Then she gave him a package she had contained \$25,000 in negotiable securities and told him to take it to a bank in San Francisco. Ned was so impressed he slept very little while crossing the continent, but when the package was opened in San Francisco he discovered it contained nothing but worthless scribbles.

After that she sent him to Texas to foreclose a mortgage on a railroad described as "two streaks of rust," and then telegraphed him:

"It's yours, see what you can do with it." The colonel sunk a lot of money in that railroad and once he told a friend he didn't know what he was going to do with it. He said his mother insisted on holding on to anything until she made a profit out of it, so she would probably have this railroad on her hands when she died. He was right—it was still listed as an asset when she died in 1918, and when Green sold it in 1928 he had to take a \$1,267,000 loss. Green soon became one of the most popular men in Texas. He rented an old opera house for his headquarters, bought uniforms for the baseball team, and started wearing a "ten-gallon" hat. When reporters started a run on a rival bank he went into the lobby and stomped the room by depositing a \$100,000 check.

WHEN Mrs. Betty Green died some years ago in New York, she left \$67,000,000 and two children. One was her daughter, who is still alive, and the other was her son, Colonel Edward H. R. Green, who died recently, leaving a larger estate than his miserly old mother. Betty was a miser, mean, stingy, and nobody liked her, but her son, Edward, was a big, jolly, free-handed chap and everybody loved him.

His will is now in dispute in the courts because he left the bulk of his fortune to his sister, Mrs. Sylvia Green Wilks. His widow Mabel is fighting for a reasonable share of her husband's estate and the Federal Government and five States are also squabbling for big shares for inheritance taxes.

Col. Green was about as clever a financier as his miserly mother, but he was a liberal spender. While his mother Betty Green dressed about in rags, lived in cheap boarding houses and had as little to do with people as possible, her son, Edward, on the other hand, liked to mix with people in a democratic way and enjoyed making them happy.

Betty's acquaintances seldom heard her laugh, which was probably fortunate for they say her smile was usually enough to give anybody the shivers. But the colonel had a robust sense of humor and was a great practical joker. One of his favorite stunts was to fish a \$20 bill out of his pocket and offer to exchange it for \$5. As he did this his policy, jocular friends would assume a cynical, derisive look, and he would say:

"Exchange it closely before you make up your mind."

That would make the other person suspicious, of course, and after a few seconds he would find something wrong with the bill—perhaps he would see that the serial number was printed upside down.

"Not on your life," his friend would reply, as he handed back the currency. "I wouldn't give you five cents for it."

"Well, that's where you made a big mistake," and the colonel would throw back his head and laugh until his 300-pound body shook all over. Then he would explain that the bill was worth several hundred dollars because it was a few days run off and put into circulation before the engraver's error was discovered, and consequently it had become a "collector's item" of great value.

Sometimes he would put advertisements in various newspapers offering to pay \$5,000 for every nickel of a certain series that was sent to him. These particular coins were also collectors' items, and usually rare ones, because, in one case, only seven had been made. But the colonel had five himself, and he knew that the collectors who owned

Lives of Betta Splendens and Fish Fights

WHEN a rich Siamese sportsman goes to a fish fight, his wife may well be upset at the prospect. An American "prizefight widow" spends evenings alone because her husband spends them at the ring-side, but in Siam, a "fish-fight widow" may lose her husband altogether. Not only are fortunes won and lost in the betting, but Siamese sportsmen in their enthusiasm wager and risk even their wives on the outcome.

The cause of all this is the fighting instinct of a tiny fish the size of a minnow, and called Betta Splendens in scientific circles. It's only one and one-half inches long, but big for its size when it comes to a scrap. The pugnacious battles in the ponds of Prof. G. Oriniger, director of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, is "packed with dynamite."

These Siamese fish are bred in America not for their newly won but because of their intense colors of lavender, blue, red, green or rainbow combinations of these tints. Strangely enough, however, when the fish is alone and it is quiet, its colors tend to be dull. But as soon as it is moved by the unrelenting presence of another, it begins to glow with metallic splendor.

It is almost instantly electrified into action. The watching spectators to water see each other than they put in their fins and let each other have it. The wealthy Siamese who chiefly follow this sport and bait the fish, not with insects, but against each other, sit close to a huge glass bowl to watch the fine points of the battle. They tensely observe every movement of the finned opponents.

So impressive are the details to the naked eye that it takes a veteran to understand them. But the variations in their small-scale "arena" are, for all their ferocity and speed, temperamental as any arena artist. Water conditions, for instance, must be just so or they won't fight. Mr. Oriniger relates that recently members of the Hook Line and Sinker Club tried to mark the house-warming by staging a Betta Splendens fish fight.

But the fish didn't budge. It wasn't a matter of cowardice either. The fact was that the house-warming wasn't warm enough; a club can't go Siamese and start a fish fight without at least obtaining an appropriate tropical climate.

Where the Betta fish come from, the water is warm enough to make their temperatures right and their tempers boiling. As soon as the water turns chilly, their anger also

Fountain of Youth Found at Last By Science?

THROUGHOUT the ages men have dreamed of a "fountain of youth," into which old men might plunge and come youthful, washed of time's grime in its magic waters. But this liquid, which the boldest explorer have failed to find, science now suspects it has come upon, by accident, in the laboratory.

The myth itself was almost too persistent not to seem to have some truth in it. As a result, it influenced not only literature, but history as well. Juan Ponce de Leon, a former youthful, washed of time's grime in its magic waters. But this liquid, which the boldest explorer have failed to find, science now suspects it has come upon, by accident, in the laboratory.

Along with the "dark ages" in which it was so popular, the medieval legend of the fountain of youth gradually came to be discarded. Yet now, by the testimony of science, the "superstition" is on the verge of becoming a reality. The secret of youth lies in "heavy water," according to the latest authority than Professor James E. Kendall, head of the chemistry department at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland.

His theory that old age can be checked was announced during a visit to the United States to take part in the Chemical Society convention. It refers to the heavy water, or deuterium, which was discovered in 1931 by the Columbia University physicist, Harold Urey.

Urey's discovery was awarded the Nobel prize in chemistry for his valuable work. From the moment it was found, the tasteless, heavy water was looked upon as one of the most important discoveries of modern times. At first, it puzzled scientists, who didn't know quite what to do with it.

To some it seemed no more than an atomic freak, a scientific plaything without any important relation to the man in the street. But experiments made with the substance soon showed that it had untold possibilities.

For example, there is a hope that heavy water will unlock the secret of cancer. Yeast cells which like cancer cells multiply rapidly, are able to make less headway in heavy water even though ordinary water encourages them.

Even the dream of the ancient alchemists may be given reality by heavy water, which has already been of inestimable value to biologists, physicians, astronomers, chemists, and physiologists. The alchemists hoped to transmute cheap metals into gold, and the atom core of heavy water has already been used to transmute several elements. This is possible because the core is so weighty, and the crash of the heavy projectiles against other elements is irresistible.

According to Professor Urey, if use could be made of the power in the nucleus of heavy water, one gram of heavy hydrogen would give as much energy as 5,000 tons of coal. Yet in a single drop of water there are eight quintillion hydrogen atoms carrying this explosive force. Such power may be used even in life cases that are now impossible.

It is curious that the secret of youth which the old voyagers sought may have been next to their nose every time they drank. The secret was within the water they drank, and the very blood in their systems may have carried the answer they sought. It was present everywhere, but could not be distinguished. The usual proportion of heavy water to ordinary water is one part in 5,000, and this holds true for almost all samples of water from one country to another, from the highest volcanic lake to the deepest well.

Heavy water was suspected some time before it was found, even before the scientists dreamed that it might

hold secrets of life. It was only discovered because the scholars like to think in terms of "pure" substances, and spend much of their time trying to reduce things to their simplest elements.

One of the simplest formulas in chemistry has been that for water. "H₂O." A molecule of ordinary water is made up of two atoms of hydrogen and one atom of oxygen. But in 1928 it was found out that the weight of oxygen varies. This suggested that the weight of hydrogen might also vary. In California, investigators found that sometimes in the weights could be accounted for if they turned out to be two kinds of hydrogen, one twice as heavy as the other.

The varying weights of the same element are called "isotopes," and so science set to work to find the isotopes of hydrogen. Just as in a detective story, everything was mathematical, thought out long before the water was found. At last heavy water was distilled, and the expectations were justified. It was found that two atoms of heavy hydrogen combine with one atom of oxygen to form a molecule of heavy water, which it never before was possible to separate from the other kind of atoms that form the ordinary liquid.

A popular belief arose that heavy water is poisonous, and even a mystery screen drama was produced on the theory. But experiments by the discoverer have proven that this is not so. As a matter of fact, heavy water is not so different from ordinary water as it is.

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Lord Massy's Castle Keep For His

OF COURSE, a person of nobility has an ancestral castle, hunting grounds, a stable of fine horses, family heirlooms and furnishings and cultivated tastes in matters of wine, dining and dressing. In Lord Massy's case, of course, is a fashionable lady with two or three personal maids and a fascinating collection of jewels.

But from Ireland comes news of the plight of Lord Massy, eighth holder of a barony created in 1776, forced to depend on his wife's meagre earnings to keep afloat. His ancestors were members of Parliament, rich and powerful, but the present Lord is a poor and broken man, literally both peer and pauper.

Lady Massy gets \$8 a week as a clerk in the Dublin office of the Irish Sweetpotatoes organization, and every morning she gets on her battered bicycle and pedals to town. The peer is in the ironic position of being gatekeeper to his own empty and forsaken Kilarney Castle, his for the time he receives no pay. He has been allowed to live in the tiny cottage that was once occupied by the humblest member of the castle staff, but the castle itself is forfeit to the state for unpaid taxes.

It's a hard thing, according to Lord Massy, to be a gatekeeper where one once was Lord. The more so because nobody ever comes there any more. Many people build dream castles, but it is far worse to have had a castle which is now no more than a dream of the past. There's nothing in the castle worth having now—not even a family ghost.

Lord Massy tries to forget his position, or rather his loss of it, by keeping busy about the place. But his ways of passing the day are not the ways of his fathers. Since his wife works out, he has taken the role of housekeeper and scrubs the floor, makes the bed and cooks his breakfast as he usually does. He is the only member of the aristocracy who used to help prepare the big banquet.

Not that he has much to do, but in fact, the bedroom is also the sitting room, living room and library. As for the cooking, the peer's appetite isn't what it might be. There's a saying that a man's house is his castle, but Lord Massy can't bring himself to feel that way about the present lodging. The way he sees it, it's better to have a future than a past, and from the bottom of his heart he envies the poor but honest working man.

His Lordship has been unable to find work for years.



Ure, Ure de Leon, Who Traveled in Search of the Fountain of Youth, Seemingly Failed to Find It in the Very Blood Vessels of the Human Body.



Lord Massy's Castle. Heavily Servants, and Not Even a Ghost. Its Floors Are Scrubbed by the Peer Himself. Who Can't Even Afford a Crystal Radio.

The Siamese Husband Is Not Shown Left at Home by Her Fight for Freedom, but Offers Funds Himself Gained by Another Man as a Result of a Bet on a Fish Fight.

cool off, and a little teasing is of course, fatal. The midges scampers get that way early in life. As a matter of fact, they follow in the footsteps of their battle-bruised sire as soon as they are able to shake a dorsal fin. A good Siamese fighting fish has to be fast in its fin-work, but the savage assault is what counts.

In the fighting it is essential to use both feet, and when a Siamese fish looks ready to retire, the dorsal work like a raging lion. One almost expects it to growl.

In Siam, the exhibition battle is for the fish, a chance that comes but once in a lifetime. The one which loses can never make a comeback, but is disqualified from all further fighting and retired into the service of breeding and training infant fish into future fighters.

The hatred of the Betta fish for each other is nothing but jealousy carried to a ridiculous extreme. The males fight the males and not the females for the simple reason that the females won't fight back. There's no sport in fighting a defenseless creature; in fact, it shows the foolishness of fighting, for the female's way of fighting war is with peace.

The very purpose of the dueling, which is to defeat the male rival, is defeated by the rich Siamese gamblers, however. The winning fish always loses, because the loser automatically gets the female mate while the winner has to keep on being signed up for new battles. Of course, the greatest marine warriors are given time out to breed, because the Siamese fight for the money.

Because the males are so zealous about their mutual hate, they are separated as soon as it is possible to tell the difference between the male and female. Even then they glare at each other from separate tanks, for not even food interests them as much as a battle.

One has only to shut them in a mirror and they become raging mad, for they guess they know a male when they see one. Very likely they think insulting things about their reflections—unkind comments on the stupid face of the fish in the mirror, or sighing references to its mean physique.

That the extravagant fighting habits of the Betta fish led to extravagant gambling among the Siamese is certain. Many have lost their fortunes, their wives, and even their own freedom in the aquarium gambling. But one man's poison is another man's meat, as the saying goes, and the fighting fish are truly the sport of kings. The King of Siam is the only one who can give out licenses for fish-fights, and as a result he boasts a handsome revenue from the source.

Meanwhile, the fight gamblers keep trying to bring up bigger and better Betta to bet on. It's a queer sport, and the public one seems to be not the fish but the gamblers. The exception is made to be that the gambling away of wives is a good way for men who are weary of matrimony to get rid of their mates. It is hardly fair on the women side, but to prove that with Siamese fish, as with crime, one can't win. If anybody wins, it's the king who collects the taxes on the fights.

ROMANTIC white women who go into the desert to find their dream lover, or who look forward to the thrill of abduction by swarthy sheiks aboard camels under a star-strewn sky, may not be so ridiculous after all. At least that's what the majority of them think. They are captives to desert tyrants who prove to be somewhat filthy and indolent specimens of a nobleman, but most of them forget the facts and fame in pure adoration of their minor monarch chieftains.

That the pity usually shown these women may have been misplaced is indicated by the results of a recent attempt to repatriate all white girls found in African harems. A French diplomatic mission in the Sudan, Algeria, and other French colonies in North Africa have given their white captives permission to leave.

The hand of the native rulers has been forced by a French order to the colonial police that all harems suspected of harboring white women should be ransacked and all captives questioned. The instructions are a result of repeated inquiries from parents and relatives about girls and women who have vanished.

The police were told to find out whether the women were voluntarily or who look forward to the thrill of abduction by swarthy sheiks aboard camels under a star-strewn sky, may not be so ridiculous after all. At least that's what the majority of them think. They are captives to desert tyrants who prove to be somewhat filthy and indolent specimens of a nobleman, but most of them forget the facts and fame in pure adoration of their minor monarch chieftains.

As a result of their raids, the authorities were astonished to find the harems full of white women, hundreds of whom refused to take advantage of their proffered freedom. A number admitted they had been tricked into the harems, but said that they were grateful for it. They could not bear

the thought of leaving their part-time husbands and preferred them to the nomadic white men.

Apparently they were perfectly happy with their fate. To be sure, a considerable number did accept the invitation to end their romance, but within the next few days there were not more. As a result of the order, 158 women from Europe and the United States have taken advantage of the repatriation offer. They are American, 67 British, and most of the rest French girls.

But those who have left their tent-lovers constitute less than a third of the total number of white women found in harems. The deserters of the desert are now professional dancing girls and down-and-out actresses lured from abroad by agents with promises of a few dollars.

There were also a number of girls who had never had any worldly experience and who accepted long-term contracts for coast cities on the promise that brilliant stage careers would be made available to them.

But when they danced, they found themselves not in a smoky cabaret as they feared in their gloomier moments, but alone in a tent with a fat chieftain feasting his eyes, while they were forced to perform his favorite dances for seven weeks. Still others were brought from the hotels under the impression that they had been invited to a dance, except that they turned out to be an affair not of an evening but a lifetime.

But the influential relatives and friends whose inquiries began the wholesale liberations are the ones to benefit least by it. The majority of those who insist on remaining were once respectable women of wealth, family and education, who came to the desert with romantic notions, and who apparently and surprisingly had them fulfilled.

partly because of his health and partly because of his own background. There is an unwillingness among Dublin merchants to give a nobleman a menial job.

In Lord Massy's words, "Of what use is a title to a pauper? The humblest farm laborer about here is much happier than I am. At least people will employ him. I feel that he is the like son of an enterprising man. The other day when he seemed mine they heard of my title and that finished it."

Life, according to the down-at-the-earth aristocrat, has almost ceased to be worth living for him. "The last years of my life here becomes almost unendurable at times," he explains. "I see practically no one, and there are no days when I feel I should go out for the day."

Instead of wearing the fine raiments befitting one of his well-born estate, he goes about in tattered clothes. His hat has a hole in the crown, his coat is shabby and his health is none too certain. At least Lord Massy has the good fortune to have a son. Many a wealthy nobleman would trade his riches for an heir. But what a shattered heritage to leave a son, Lord Massy would say. The First Baron Massy, like his son, after his wife was a member of Parliament for Liverpool County, the sixth baron also was a representative at Parliament, but then began a decline that was not to end until it hit rock bottom with the present heir.

When his father died in 1926, the present Lord Massy was 31 years old, with a child of five, and the widow of a South County doctor as his wife, and Lord Massy had previously studied at Harrow and was planning to enter the army, but family troubles cut short any career he might have had. At his home he was now centered in his life, Hugh.

The Hon. Hugh Massy, a tall, light-haired lad of 16, is studying at Congowood Wood College, at the Irish Dingle, through the assistance of friends of his mother. But this is just another point of sorrow for the peer, who laments that he cannot afford to buy his own clothes.

Lord Massy was recently surprised at being informed that he is the titleholder of a hunting area of 1,200 acres in the mountains. He hopes to be able to save up enough money to make a trip to the land he might have owned before he died. But even if he is able to reach it, he can never hope to possess it. He would have to pay land taxes on it for the last 12 or 14 years.

It is true that in the Summer time, when mountain clouds come in, he can see his wife and son, but he has never been able to save up enough to buy the ambition of his life, which is not a yacht or a season ticket to the opera, but a \$5 crystal radio set.

There is a cruel epigram, that "A Lord without riches is like a soldier without arms—very ridiculous." The situation in which Lord Massy finds himself shows, however, that "ragged" would be a better way to describe him. Perhaps it is in recognition of their hopeless situation that Lord and Lady Massy prefer to call themselves "Mr. and Mrs. Massy." A title is a luxury they can't afford.

New Deal For White Women In African Harems

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The Stranger of Strasbourg

Mystery of an Unknown Killer Who Has Terrorized a Whole City for Five Years by the Insane Cunning With Which He Stalks Unsuspecting Girls, Chokes Them to Death and Leaves No Clues Behind



Rue des Minimes (Street of the Minims) in Strasbourg. Where Three Young Girls Have Been Murdered by the Stranger.

WITH black fingers around her powerful neck, Marie Karcher, seventeen-year-old dancer, was found strangled to death in her room on the Rue de l'Alb here. Except for those marks the murderer left no clue behind him and another death has been marked against the killer named "The Strasbourg stranger" who has terrorized this ancient city for more than five years. Powerful hands have reached out of the night to throttle young girls in the vicinity of the Bridge of the Crow and along the Rue des Minimes (the Street of the Minims) in the oldest section of this historic town, and few girls walk alone on the streets at night because of the reign of terror that hangs over Strasbourg.

On the day after Marie was killed, the stranger telephoned the police, saying that he was her murderer and adding that he had attended her funeral, just as he had boasted of attending the funeral of his other seven victims. He described the death scene so minutely and knew every detail of the funeral as well that police realized he was the actual killer, and not some crank seeking publicity.

Marie's screams in the night, which lasted for only a moment, led to the discovery of the murder. Marie's next door neighbor, a Madame Singer, told authorities she had been awakened by the cries.

"It was about one o'clock in the morning," Madame Singer said, when I heard the screams coming from Marie's room. They lasted less than a minute and then all was quiet. I was afraid to move. Then I heard a door softly opened and close, and the sound of someone stepping out of the house.

A few minutes later the doorbell rang. I opened my window and looked out, but I could see no one there. A half hour later the bell rang again and again. I looked out but could see no one. The screams, and the strange ringing of the doorbell continued to frighten me, and I crept from the bed and awakened the woman who next the place. We went into Marie Karcher's room and found her stretched across the bed, strangled to death. Around her neck was a scrap of silk, torn from her slip, that covered the black bruises left by the stranger's fingers."

Just as the two frightened women were staring at the body of the dancer the neighbor rang again, and when the neighbor went to the door she found Andre Muller, nineteen, the dead girl's sweetheart, who said they had been at a concert earlier in the evening and that he had taken the girl home about midnight. She was to have met him again about 1:30 a.m. when they had planned to make a night of it.

When the police arrived it took them only a minute to identify the murderer. Those black marks on a

girl's throat had become well known to Strasbourg officials, and another trademark of the mad killer was the scrap of silk tied around the neck of his victim. In every one of the murders committed by the stranger, he has hidden the bruises left by his fingers with a bit of cloth from his victim's clothes.

After they had heard the stories of the landlady, Madame Singer, and Muller, the police arrested the youth but released him a short time later when he proved he had not been near when Marie was strangled.

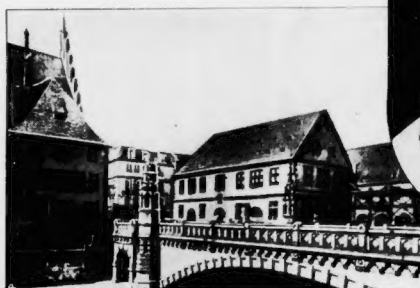
When Marie came to Strasbourg, six months ago, from the country, she met Muller, a tall, handsome youth. They fell in love and she got a job serving drinks in a tavern. She soon learned that her blond hair, shapely figure and vivacity were worth more than the job of waitress, so she with Muller, sought and secured jobs as cabaret entertainers at Strasbourg's "Express," a tough place with a bad reputation. Marie helped entertain the customers. She took a room in a lodging house near the "Express" and occasionally invited some of the more favored men customers to that room. It was one of those men who killed her.

Ever since the murder the police have renewed a hunt for the Strasbourg stranger that has lasted for five years. But in spite of intensive detective work, he managed to kill his eighth victim and again escaped to attend her funeral and get away with that, too, just as he has before.

The strong hands of the stranger took their first victim in 1932, when Suzanne Meyer, a cabaret performer and beauty contest winner, was killed. It had been only a few days since the beauty contest, and Suzanne had achieved considerable local prominence. It was probably this that attracted the stranger to her. But about all they know concerning the murder is what the stranger himself told them over the telephone.

Suzanne disappeared on her way home from the cabaret where she

Marie Karcher, the Young Cabaret Dancer, Who Was the Stranger's Eighth Victim.



The Bridge of the Crow (the Bridge of the Cross), Once a Popular Spot in Strasbourg. It Is Now Almost Deserted Because of Fear of the Stranger.

worked on a cold and snowy night. For three days the authorities and the girl's friends and relations hunted her vainly. Then a telephone at the police station rang, and the startled officer in charge heard a man's voice say:

"Suzanne Meyer is dead, but you could never find her without help, so I am mailing you a map of the place where her body is hidden."

"But how do you know she is dead?" the officer asked.

"Because I killed her," was the astonishing reply.

It was so astonishing that the policeman was inclined to think that the caller was slightly cracked. But the next day's mail brought the map, and when officers, still believing the whole thing a hoax, went to the spot marked and dug down through the snow, they found Suzanne's body, naked except for a bit of cloth, ripped from her skirt, and tied around her neck. When the cloth was removed the black marks of the stranger's fingers were found just as they have been found on each of his eight victims.

The day after Suzanne Meyer was buried, the stranger telephoned the local magistrate, M. Adrian, boasting that he had attended his victim's funeral, and giving such a detailed account of the killing and the funeral that there was no question he was the stranger.

The murder with its attendant telephone calls to the police by the killer,

who seemed to be daring them to catch him, spread a wave of terror over Strasbourg. It was judged the work of a madman, and mothers kept their children at home nights, while young girls seldom went out without escorts or in groups.

But two months later, in April, 1932, the stranger struck again. Eugene Hubert was the victim, and this young girl's body, naked, was found lying across the foot of her bed one morning with the black finger marks to trademark the second slaying of the stranger. This second slaying caused such excitement that responsible residents of the town threatened to oust the city government if the stranger was not tracked down and arrested.

They knew the same man was responsible for both murders, because he again called police and boasted of his crime. He even told them he would attend the funeral. The police were certain they would be able to catch him if he kept that boast, and scores of them were posted in the cemetery in the hope that the killer would somehow give himself away. But in spite of their efforts, the stranger attended the funeral, went unrecognized, and made his escape, to telephone police later, describe the funeral and taunt them with their failure to catch him.

A month later, and before the fears of the city were quieted, a girl, whose identity never was learned, was found choked to death, her naked body lying across a bed in a cheap rooming house

Eugene Hubert, the Second on the Stranger's Death List.

where she had registered only the day before. Once again the police found those tell-tale black marks on the girl's neck, and once again the stranger telephoned them, saying he would attend the funeral of his victim.

Four other murders at intervals of about a year apart have served to keep Strasbourg in a state of constant fear. No one knows where or when the clutching fingers of the man will reach out to claim another victim. Police are certain he is mad, as he apparently kills for the love of killing, and his boasts to the police are a sign of insanity. But insane or not, he has been clever enough to get by with eight murders despite the desperate risks he runs by notifying police of the crimes and by attending the funerals of his victims.

There has been nothing like the character of the mysterious stranger's crime since the "Dusseldorf monster," Peter Kurten, was caught. Kurten, like the stranger, killed for the pleasure he got out of it, and during his bloody career of murder that lasted for eight years, killed at least 45 young women. He was not a stranger, but instead used a pair of scissors to stab

The Hands of the Stranger Suddenly Striking Out From the Night and Fastening in a Death Grip Around the Throats of Unsuspecting Girls Have Terrorized the Women of Strasbourg for More Than Five Years, and Eight Have Been Murdered by the Madman Who, After Killing, Goes to the Funerals of His Victims.

his victims' throats. The human creature was a vampire, and drank the blood of the women he killed as if it poured from their throats.

Like the Strasbourg stranger, Kurten had a fine reputation as a thirty workman, who was known to be exceptionally kind to his wife and children. In fact, Mrs. Kurten never did believe the man she had lived with for twelve years was guilty of the heinous crimes with which he was charged, even though she heard him confess them himself.

He was finally caught, when one of the girls he had picked up on the street managed to escape when she saw the madman coming toward her, the scissors in his hand, and an insane look in his glaring eyes. The frightened girl told her story to police, and detectives who had been hunting the monster for eight years went back into jail. They were almost of the belief that they had the wrong man when they learned that Kurten had a fine reputation as a thirty workman, who was known to be exceptionally kind to his wife and children. In fact, Mrs. Kurten never did believe the man she had lived with for twelve years was guilty of the heinous crimes with which he was charged, even though she heard him confess them himself.

It wasn't until Kurten quietly admitted his guilt to the forty some murders attributed to him, and to a couple more that he hadn't told the police about before, that they realized that Dusseldorf's reign of terror had ended itself.

In court, Kurten declared that all the women he had killed were members of the world's vilest profession, and that he actually was doing the city a favor by removing them from the picture. But the defense didn't make much impression on the court, and his head finally fell under the headsman's axe.

Lander, the French "Bluebeard" who was sent to the guillotine a few years ago, was another wholesale murderer who killed his victims by strangling them. He was also a married man with a family that never suspected he was a fiend. He lured a dozen or so women to a mangrove on the edge of the Rambouillet forest, then murdered them and buried the bodies in the garden.

The police of Strasbourg are praying that they will get the same sort of break the Dusseldorf officers did. They have not a single bit of evidence, nor one clue to the identity of the stranger. The diagrams he has sent in have always been without fingerprints. He draws the maps with a ruler and points the lettering. His telephone calls come from every section of the city, so the authorities have no idea of where he lives. Without such lucky breaks as the escape of an intended victim who can definitely identify her attacker, the police have not much chance of catching up with the elusive killer.

Oddly enough, a noted Strasbourg writer, Jean Lorraine, once wrote:

"It is a dangerous business being a pretty girl. The pretty girls of Strasbourg have been that prophetic line, now."

Odd New Discoveries About the Little Seahorses



Combination of Kangaroo, Monkey, Chameleon, Fish and Submarine, Papa Is the Mama, Stand On Their Heads for Relaxation, Can Look Both Ways at Once, and Still Puzzle Modern Naturalists Almost as Much as They Did the Ancient Ones



An Enlarged Photograph of the Mother Seahorse Who Is a Mother in Name Only, Having Shifted the Burden of Bearing Her Children to Their Father, Who Carries the Eggs in a Little Pouch in His Own Body Until the Seahorse Young Are Hatched.

As Aquarium Attendant Listening Through a Stethoscope to the Queer Popping Noise Made by Seahorses, Which Once Was Believed a Kind of Language, Her Now Is Thought Simply Bad Table Manners Upon the Part of the Odd Creature Who Smacks His Lips.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said.
"And your hair has become very white."
"And yet you incessantly stand on your head—"
"Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

LIKE the eccentric old gentleman Lewis Carroll told about in *Through the Looking Glass*, in Wonderland, though undoubtedly not for the same reason, the little seahorse, strangest of all the underwater creatures, often stands on its head—dangling by his monkey-like tail from a stalk of seaweed—apparently perfectly happy in the unmodified position. But this odd habit of marine acrobatics is only one of the many queer things about this little creature that nature seems to have designed as a practical joke and which has puzzled naturalists for thousands of years. So badly have they been puzzled, in fact, that the latest scientific student of the seahorse tribe, Mr. Isaac Ginsburg of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, has been compelled to decide that all the previous naturalists were wrong.

What Mr. Ginsburg started out to discover was whether the seahorses that live in the Pacific Ocean and keep to amuse bored movie stars in Hollywood are of the same race as those that live under the waves that bathe Atlantic Coast resorts or swim along the reefs of Bermuda. He thought, as did all other naturalists, that there were three such seahorse races: the Atlantic Coast, the Pacific, and the Bermuda. What he found out is that this coast supports only one race. The other two were mistakes, due to naturalists counting the spines or rays in the animal's back fin, like a horse's mane, and deciding that different numbers meant a different race, which they do not. But Mr. Ginsburg has not really decreased the number of seahorse races which must be listed, for he managed to find no less than five new ones not previously recognized by any looking observer, whatever the seahorse (henceforth may think about it).

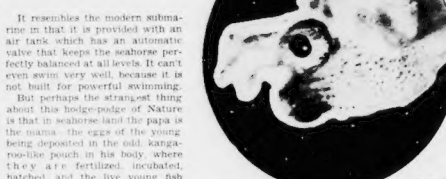
All of which means new headaches for naturalists, but not many more than the paradoxes of this creature already present. The seahorse is a fish, but it has a head like a horse and a hand-pointed external skeleton like an insect.

It has a prehensile tail like a monkey and a pouch on its underside like a kangaroo, for carrying its young. It swims erect, in the same position a man walks, and the head is set at right angles to its body, like a man's. Its young are born alive, sometimes prematurely, like man's.

It can change its color, like a chameleon.

Its eyes are so constructed, that it can look forward with one eye and backward with the other at the same time and its brain is so designed that it can take in the separate pictures that result, and keep them separate.

The Ancients Depicted Seahorses Like Those Above and Believed They Were the Steeds Which Hauled the Chariot of Neptune, God of the Sea.



It resembles the modern submarine in that it is provided with an air tank which has an automatic valve that keeps the seahorse perfectly balanced at all levels. It can't even swim very well because it is not built for powerful swimming.

But perhaps the strangest thing about this odd-looking creature of Nature is that in seahorse land the papa is the mama—the eggs of the young being deposited in the odd kangaroo-like pouch in his body, where they are fertilized, incubated, hatched, and the live young fish kept until they have grown large enough to be reasonably able to protect themselves in the marine world. When this time arrives, the little seahorses are born. Their mother may be miles away, or dead.

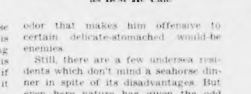
About the only thing papa seahorse hasn't got that most mammas have is mother-love. Once his job of bearing the family has ended, father goes his way and the kids go theirs, and if they should chance to meet again it is as strangers.

In addition to going about erect, and having his head hitherto to his body at a man-like angle, the seahorse, whose scientific name is Hippocampus, has a number of other odd human qualities. His young is born alive—although a number of other fishes share this distinction—and the young fish, like human babies, must "crawl before they can walk," but "crawl" before they can walk, like normal fish, or normal babies, until they learn how to "walk."

Because he is defenseless, having neither teeth nor claws to battle his enemies with, nature has provided her strange creation with a number of protective abilities. To some extent, all members of the seahorse family resemble the seaweed in which they hide and feed. Like a chameleon who changes color from brown to light green, depending upon the color of the surface on which he is resting, the seahorse changes color depending upon the color of the seaweed in which he is hiding.

His hard, outside skeleton makes him unpalatable to many other creatures that might otherwise consider him a legitimate item of diet. And, also, he smells bad, giving off an

The Head of a Young Seahorse, Who Is Cared For Before Birth by His Father, but Immediately Afterwards Turned Loose to Shift for Himself as Best He Can.



odor that makes him offensive to certain delicate-stomached would-be enemies.

Still, there are a few undersea residents which don't mind a seahorse dinner in spite of its disadvantages. But even here nature has given the odd little creature some extra equipment to help it out. The seahorse's eyes, prominent and peering, like some nearsighted old man, are located one on each side of his head, much as are a horse's eyes.

But the seahorse can do something no horse ever could do. He can see where he came from and watch where he is going to at the same time. His eyes work independently of each other, and his brain is so arranged that he can take in both the widely different pictures he sees and keep them separate and distinct instead of getting them all mixed up in a sort of surrealistic nightmare as would happen to a man if by some freak of nature a man could look two ways at once. Thus the seahorse can move through the seaweed in search of the tiny crustaceans on which he feeds, keeping one eye out for dinner and the other looking out for the seahorse's title-masters are none too good. He makes a sound half way between a pop and a smack as he eats, much like some human who plays tunes on a soup spoon. This habit has led some naturalists to believe that the seahorse communicates with his kind in a sort



An Odd Drawing of Mythical Seahorses Battling a Scorpion—As They Were Believed to Do by the Ancient Greeks. By Holbein, After M. Oldfield Howey.

of fish language. It has been said by some who have observed them that during the mating season the male seahorse especially "pops off" continuously as he wooms his love.

Scientists, however, agree that this is a false observation and that the noises the seahorses make are just the result of the peculiar manner in which they feed and are not conscious efforts at communication. The noise is fairly loud and can be heard by the human ear if the fish are popping to the surface for their food, but when they eat under water, a stethoscope, placed in the water, is required to make the sound audible.

In the seahorse, despite his unusual design, nature has proved again that she can produce mechanical devices equal to the best engineering skill of mankind. One of the most important things in operating a submarine, or a dirigible, either for that matter, is to keep them evenly balanced, despite changes in water or air pressure, and shifting weights. On both submarines and dirigibles gages are placed at various parts of the ships and must be watched closely to determine whether the ballast tanks and the air or gas tanks have exactly the right amounts of either water or

The term seahorse was known before seahorses themselves had been discovered by the ancients. In Greek mythology Neptune's chariot was pictured being drawn by these half-horse, half-fish creatures, many times the size of the seahorses today. But when the modern seahorse was discovered, and named by the Greeks, they called him hippocampus, approximately "horse-monster." From the Greek words, hippe, meaning horse, and pampus, meaning sea monster. But early in history the animal's resemblance to a horse gave him his popular name, and he came to be looked upon as the bringer of good luck.

Early-day mariners believed that the seahorses gathered a horde at the time of a storm and attached themselves to the hulls of ships, holding them down in the water so the high waves could knock them over. Still other seamen believed the seahorse was a weather signal. When they sensed the coming of a storm, the seahorses said, the seahorses hastily found a rock, they could wrap their tails around, and so anchor themselves, that they would not be swept away. Mariners were advised to look out for trouble if they saw a seahorse with his tail wrapped around a rock.

The odd fishes were also used in ancient medicine. Ashes of seahorse mixed with tallow, pitch or castor oil was used for baldness and pains in the side. Oil of roses, into which a live seahorse had been dipped, was thought a cure for leprosy.

While modern doctors haven't any faith in the seahorse's medicinal qualities, dried and gilded bodies of seahorses still are often worn as good-luck charms in many parts of the world.

And whether he actually brings luck or not, he is an almost incredibly mixed-up sort of creature, as is indicated by Mr. Ginsburg's difficulty in sorting out even the different races that exist.

The pipe fish, too, belong somewhere in the unknown and mysterious family tree of the seahorse, together with the ancestors from which must have sprung the Atlantic coast, of Europe and the Mediterranean Sea. Nature has outdone herself in creating in the seahorse a creature that reminds one of the old saying: "Neither fish, flesh nor fowl."

How "Doctors" Overnight With Fake Diplomas

U. S. Postal Inspectors Uncover a Wicked Enterprise That for a Price Turned Loose Farm Hands, Clerks and Others

Ignorant of Medical Science to Practice Upon Helpless and Unsuspecting Patients



Hogarth's Caricature of "The Undertaker's Arms or a Consultation of Physicians." A Caricature by the Early Eighteenth Century Artist Showing an Assortment of the Quacks of His Time. The Three Figures at the Top Were Notorious Quacks of His Day—Chevalier Taylor, "Crazy Sally" Mapp and Spot Ward—the Latter Honored by Royalty.

TAKERS years of study, preparation and practice to become even a moderately good doctor. Many young and even older men would like to become doctors but are discouraged by the long and expensive schooling required, or realize that although they have the ambition, they have not the necessary intelligence to pass the examinations necessary to secure diplomas certifying that they are equipped to go out and practice medicine upon their fellow men, for better or for worse.

George M. Lindsay, Sr. of Kansas City, thinking over the facts thought he saw a way to remedy all this—that is, to do away with their years of study and the uncertainty of passing the medical examinations before they could get their diplomas. Mr. Lindsay knew hardly anything about medicine, but he had been secretary of an organization called the Educational Aid Society. The diploma of these aspirants to the title of Doctor of Medicine was surely one calling for educational aid. If a diploma was all that was necessary to make them M.D.'s, why not give them diplomas for a price, of course.

So Mr. Lindsay consulted with Mr. Dale R. Alexander, who had been secretary of something called the Kansas City College of Medicine and Surgery, but who was then operating an automobile filling station. The Kansas City College of Medicine and Surgery had been closed by the Missouri Supreme Court because it was not a college nor did it teach any reliable medicine or surgery. That had been back in 1921, people had long ago forgotten about it, and Mr. Alexander had a number of the old diplomas. He thought Mr. Lindsay's idea a good one and that these old diplomas would do perfectly well together with others from similarly defunct "colleges" which could be secured here and there.

And so, together with Mr. Lindsay's son, George M. Jr., who had been a bartender, they began turning farm hands, clerks, salesmen, anyone who had the urge and the price, into doctors.

Now this was a pretty wicked thing to do. When anybody is sick, or his loved ones sick, the best of doctors is none too good. At the least, one is entitled to expect some knowledge of disease, medicine, anatomy. Most of the Lindsay-Alexander "graduates" had none of this, or at most a smattering gotten by a little reading, just enough to impress their unfortunate patients with mouth-filling words and phrases. An example of one of their "graduates," it turned out later, had been abruptly transformed from a bank clerk to a doctor by one of their diplomas. He realized that he had delivered many Arkansas women of babies.

There were no records of fatalities in his case, yet how many others died, what misery and sorrow and agony was caused by these ignorant products of the diploma mill will never be known.

But the U. S. Government recently presented evidence in the St. Louis Federal Court, which caused the jury to find the three men guilty on the charge of using the mails to defraud in a conspiracy to sell bogus medical and chiropractic diplomas in sixteen States. "Professor" Lindsay, Sr., and "Professor" Alexander were sentenced to four years each in Leavenworth



"Doctor" Martin Van Buitell, Another Notorious Quack of the Eighteenth Century, Who Advertised Himself by Riding About on a Spotted Pony and Made a Fortune.

Pennsylvania and "Assistant Professor" Lindsay, Jr., the ex-bartender, to three years in prison.

William Crabbe, of Steubenville, Ohio, who had lost a leg because of the ministrations of one of the diploma mill's farm boy practitioners, probably thought the sentence too easy, but he got some satisfaction from the fact that this "doctor," who called himself Prince Ali Yehi Debeh, was sent to jail for two years. The U. S. District Attorney argued that anybody who bought the fake diplomas, knowing perfectly well that he was not qualified to practice medicine, was just as much a crook as those who sold them to him.

There still remains to be tried Dr. Claude E. Laws, former secretary of the Arkansas State Board of Medical Examiners who is charged by the Government with issuing Arkansas medical licenses to the Lindsay-Alexander "graduates" after the applicants had been supplied with fake diplomas from three non-existent Kansas City medical schools whose names were used by him. These licenses enabled those receiving them, in most cases, to practice medicine in other States having reciprocal agreements.

The diploma mill was profitable, their prices not low. The Government introduced a statement by "Prince" Debeh that his medical license and diploma had cost him \$2,500. Fifteen persons from Missouri and five other States paid a total of \$15,450 for their fake credentials. The postal inspectors working on the case said that this total was a small fraction of the mill's earnings, which they estimated must have been close to \$50,000 a year.

The exposure of the diploma mill came about in a curious way. A man was arrested in a St. Louis hotel. There were no special charges against him, except that for some reason the detec-

tives thought him a suspicious character. On him they found a letter addressed to Gustav H. Lindhorst, of St. Louis, a former true salesman. The letter was signed G.M. and read:

"Dear Doc: This will introduce Mr. William Thomas, special field secretary, who has authority to carry out any business for me. He will collect the bal. of \$100 due on the high school scholarship. Speak freely with him. He can give you all the latest info on everything."

The detective, one of them posing as "William Thomas," took the letter to Lindhorst, and he talked freely as the letter instructed. G.M. was George M. Lindsay, of Kansas City, and he had paid his \$750 for a fraudulent diploma from a chiropractic school and a certificate purporting to show that he had completed a high school course. The detective realized they had stumbled across something important, and the investigation by the postal inspectors and the arrests of the Lindseys, Alexander and others followed.

At the trial, the most pathetic figure was William Crabbe, who lost his leg by former farm boy Debeh's malpractice. The Government would not allow him to testify, fearing that the defense might claim a new trial on the ground of exciting excessive sympathy in the minds of the jurors. According to the story Crabbe told the postal inspectors he was a sufferer from arthritis, a form of what is loosely called rheumatism, an agonizing disease for which legitimate medicine has as yet found no cure. A neighbor had told him of an "arthritis specialist" he knew, a Dr. Ali Yehi Debeh, who in professional moments called himself Prince Ali. In reality until getting a Lindsay diploma, he was a Missouri farm hand.

Debeh told him, Crabbe said, that he



"Professor" Dale R. Alexander, the Automobile Filling Station Operator, Who With the Lindseys Operated the Fraudulent Medical Diploma Mill, and Was Sentenced to Four Years in Leavenworth Penitentiary.



Sir William Read, Another Quack, Who Switched From a Tailor Shop to Medicine With No Training, but Managed to Gull Queen Anne Into Knighting Him.

could cure the arthritis, which had lodged in a leg, for \$500.

"I'll expect to see you up and walking around in a week," he said.

"And back at work in two weeks." He rubbed some liniment on the aching leg. The liniment cost \$20 a quart, he told Crabbe, because it was made of rare materials which had to be imported from abroad. Then he put the leg in a metal brace which had six-inch iron collars around the ankle and above the knee. Debeh stretched the leg straight to the accompaniment, naturally, of agonizing pain on Crabbe's part.

"Leave that on for a week," he told Crabbe. "And when I come back I expect to see you got up and walk. In a month you'll be back at work."

He suffered this medical instrument torture for the week, and then Debeh visited him. The leg was black and swollen, the metal collars imbedded deep in the torn flesh. Debeh stretched the leg in hot water and lemon acid, left instructions to Crabbe's wife to repeat the bathing at intervals and disappeared.

But Mrs. Crabbe called in a Dr. James Chubb, a real doctor, who took one look at the leg and ordered Crabbe to a hospital. Gangrene had set in, due to the stoppage of circulation by the brace. The leg was amputated.

The Lindsay-Alexander bank clerk "graduate" who brought the Arkansas babies into the world, was William F. Dewa of Wood River, Illinois. Dewa dabbled in chiropractic also. He testified that he quit his job at the bank, bought a medical diploma from the Kansas City mill, and an Arkansas license for \$500. He practiced in Arkansas for five months, during which time, beside obstetrics, he performed "human operations."

The Kansas City diploma mill is one of the largest unlicensed in many years and, indeed, the only one in recent years. Fake medical schools were not so uncommon ten or twenty years ago, but an active drive in which the medical associations, both State and national, cooperated, managed to clean out most of these crooks.

Unfortunately, in the United States, there is no one all-embracing law gov-



William Crabbe, the World War Veteran Who Lost a Leg Through the Treatment of One of the Diploma Mill "graduates," but the Malpractitioner Was Sent to Jail for Two Years for It.



"Doctor" Ali Yehi Debeh, Who Paid the Mill \$250 for a Diploma, and Whose Lack of Medical Knowledge Cost Crabbe His Leg.

erning medical practice. The legal requirement is a State license. There is no such thing as a Federal license covering the mere fact of practice. State license laws are different in various States. Accordingly it is entirely possible for a doctor to be legally able to practice in one State and not to do so in another. The highest requirements in any of the States is an ordinary college degree and a degree of Doctor of Medicine from an accredited medical school. In addition, the intending physician frequently must pass an examination by a State Board of Examiners.

In many States, however, there is no requirement of a previous college degree. The medical degree, plus some kind of approval by the State licensing board, is sufficient to be able to practice. There still are a few States which do not inspect rigidly the character of medical schools. This situation is gradually being cured.

Bad as all this is so people in the "good old days," and not so long ago at that, were much worse off. There was practically no medical supervision, and quacks grew rich and famous. Some of them even received titles from grateful royalty as ignorant as themselves.

One of the most successful quacks of his time was William Read, who began his career as a jobbing tailor and eventually was knighted by Queen Anne and became one of the most fashionable practitioners of his day. Queen Anne, who suffered from a chronic weakness of the eyes, fell an

easy victim to the quacks who offered to cure her of her infirmity. It is reported that "Dr." Read could barely read or write, but such was the credulity and ignorance of the time that persuasive charlatans were peculiarly successful.

Hogarth, the great English satirist of the 18th century, drew a little-known cartoon which he entitled "The Undertaker's Arms or a Consultation of Physicians." In it he drew the portrait of quacks of his day, and at the top, three of the most notorious, the "Chevalier," John Taylor, "Crazy Sally" Mapp and "Dr. Spot" Ward, who was greatly honored by King George II of England.

The Chevalier having failed as an honest tinker became a dishonest but singularly successful physician.

Taylor seems to have been a forerunner of Gertrude Stein in the way of tortured words and phrases. Instead of saying, "I will lecture on the wonders of the eye," he would say, "The eye, on the wonders lecture will I." This impressed his hearers as a sign of singular profundity.

"Crazy Sally" Mapp started out as a bone-setter. A bone-setter was one who re-set dislocated shoulders, for example, and also broken ones. Sally claimed excessive virtues for her bandages and liniments, and made so much money that she was able to drive to London from her mansion at Epkum in a coach drawn by four horses with outstiders and footmen in splendid liveries. Sally did, however, have excellent knowledge of the human skeleton.

Joshua Ward began his career as a sail vendor. Having "cured" a pain in King George's thumb, the grateful monarch appointed his nephew to the Horse Guards. He even received a vote of thanks from the House of Commons and protection from interference in his practice from the College of Physicians.

One of the most remarkable of these 18th century quacks was Martin Van Buitell, who used to advertise himself by riding around on a white pony painted with purple spots and carrying a large white bone. When his wife died he embalmed her and used her as another advertisement. He made a large fortune.

Like the Lindsay-Alexander crooks, all these quacks wrote their own diplomas and were no more dangerous than the "graduates" of that vicious mil-

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Lowest possible price
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GOOD YEAR

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Sucking the Strange Dream Dancers of Java

Weird Performances of Girl Children in Jungle Temples When Thrown Into Hypnotic "Trances" by Ancient Chants and Gestures Arouse the Curiosity of Scientists

A GROUP of Dutch agents have come to the southern coast of Java to study the strange, often grotesque, performances of thousands of children under the influence of hypnotic "trances" by ancient chants and gestures. These children are supposed to be possessed by evil spirits, and are believed to be the cause of many of the strange diseases of the region.

The children are taken to the temples of the region, where they are thrown into a trance by the chanting of the priests. The children are then supposed to be possessed by evil spirits, and are believed to be the cause of many of the strange diseases of the region.

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A Group of the Young Men of the Village Chanting the Dream Dance Music and Making the Gestures Which Are Supposed to Aid in Hypnotizing the Child Performers. Both Music and Gestures Are Immemorably Ancient. At the Left Is One of the Priests Invoking the Spirits Which Are Supposed to Enter the Dancing Children



A Leader of the Chanting Young Men Showing Characteristic Gestures



A Child Dancer Begins to Respond to the Dream Music



Typical Expression of a Little Dream Dancer While the "Spirits" Possess Her



Girl Rising to Begin the Dream Dance, Head and Robes Are of Extraordinary Hardness Passed Down Through Generations of Dancers

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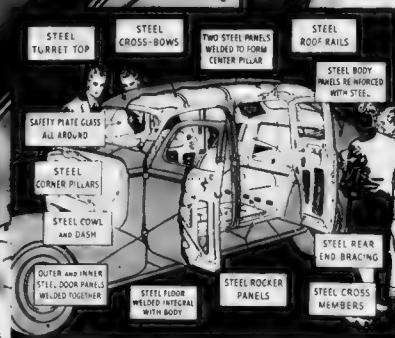
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BE SMART AND PLAY SAFE!

THE WISE PLACE TO PUT YOUR MONEY IS IN
A CAR WITH THIS NEWEST STEEL BODY—
GLORIFIED BY FISHER!



It's 'the complete car—completely new'... this smartly styled and supremely able 1937 Chevrolet. And it's the only car in the low-priced field that offers you the extra safety, the extra comfort, the extra luxury, the extra value of the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.



The inside story of Unisteel construction

THIS year, if you buy wisely, you'll play safe in two ways when you choose your new car.

You'll play safe against ordinary driving hazards and you'll play safe in your buying.

You'll get not merely a body of steel, but the latest kind of steel body—and you'll choose a trade-marked body you know and get all that your money can buy.

Fisher has made it simple for you to get safety—plus style—plus comfort—plus quiet—at no premium in price.

For here's what the famous Fisher trade-mark stands for on the new Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher:

First of all—steel! Every structural part is of steel. The floor. The top. The doors. The side-panels. The cowl, corner-posts, roof-rails—they're all steel.

And steel is fused to steel! From the seamless one-piece Turret Top to the stout-braced floor—it's all one firmly

fused unit. Rattle-proof! Weave-proof! Shock-proof!

And that's not all. This steel is dressed in style. Lines are smooth and flowing. Fisher shapes its stout metal for smartness as well as strength.

The floors are low. Doors are wide—and thus home solidly behind you. Visibility has been improved—windows are larger. There's safety plate glass all around—and there's no extra charge for it.

There's more room inside—headroom, leg-room, elbow-room. Cushions are deep and restful. Seats are set at the comfort angle. Luggage compartments are spacious.

And there's Fisher No Draft Ventilation. That shuts out bad weather, ends dangerous drafts. You ride in comfort—and in quiet. This body is insulated against noise, heat and cold!

So look for more than safety in an automobile body.

In the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher steel is handled in a new way to give a new measure of safety. And with it you get style. And comfort. And quiet. And room!

To get all this just look over the cars made by General Motors. They are the only cars that have the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher. And there is no premium to pay.

Only BODY by FISHER has all these Safety and Comfort Features:

1. Improved visibility, front and rear.
2. Streamline style—roominess for greater comfort.
3. Softwood floor—protects against exhaust fumes.
4. Improved No Draft Ventilation with Safety Plate Glass all around.
5. Giant luggage compartments "floored" integral with body.
6. Wider seats and larger door openings.
7. Turret Top for extra safety and durability.
8. New two-way adjustable front seat.
9. Fisher interior styling—upholstery and fittings.
10. Unisteel construction throughout—with all the steel panels insulated against heat, cold and noise.



THE UNISTEEL TURRET TOP BODY BY

ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK*

*On the most popular models

Fisher
LA SALLE • CADILLAC*

The Man From Ruatan by Seward Trent

Who Proved There Was a Difference Between Sportsmen and Sportsmanship.

"B"UT a sportsman, he was. He had been a sportsman since he was a boy. He had been a sportsman since he was a boy. He had been a sportsman since he was a boy.

It had been four. Four years exactly with him. Four years exactly with him. Four years exactly with him. Four years exactly with him.

A sportsman, he was. He had been a sportsman since he was a boy. He had been a sportsman since he was a boy. He had been a sportsman since he was a boy.

His eyes flashed with a hatred that only a man of the tropics can know for a shark. There was a hoarse cry of horror, a gasp and a shriek from Carolyn as Singleton prepared to dive into the water.

It was an almost perfect pass. A gap at his side. A gap at his side. A gap at his side. A gap at his side.

CAROLYN was a girl of twenty. She was a girl of twenty. She was a girl of twenty. She was a girl of twenty.

Engaged? The little chuckling devil. It was a sporting thing to do. To make fun of me. To make fun of me.

But she was a girl of twenty. She was a girl of twenty. She was a girl of twenty. She was a girl of twenty.

When she was a girl of twenty. She was a girl of twenty. She was a girl of twenty. She was a girl of twenty.

That was the first time. That was the first time. That was the first time. That was the first time.

Well, let it go at that. He wished he were back in Ruatan tonight. He wished he were back in Ruatan tonight.

And there was a rumpled lot of Colonial days that glinted white in the moonlight. And there was a rumpled lot of Colonial days that glinted white in the moonlight.



His Eyes Flashed With a Hatred That Only a Man of the Tropics Can Know for a Shark. There Was a Hoarse Cry of Horror, a Gasp and a Shriek from Carolyn as Singleton Prepared to Dive Into the Water.

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Complete in This Issue.

sportsman, but he can teach you how to sail a boat!" Kenneth was so surprised at this unexpected thrust that he stared at her.

This would be funny, Carolyn, he replied. "If I could understand you. You seem to be a good sailor for all I know. At least, I know you may be a good sailor for all I know. At least, I know you may be a good sailor for all I know."

Well, that's what he said. He said. He said. He said. He said. He said. He said. He said. He said. He said. He said.

KENNETH was a boy of twenty. He was a boy of twenty. He was a boy of twenty. He was a boy of twenty.

He was a boy of twenty. He was a boy of twenty. He was a boy of twenty. He was a boy of twenty.

He was a boy of twenty. He was a boy of twenty. He was a boy of twenty. He was a boy of twenty.

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(Continued on Page 16)

John Showed What He Could Do As An Excavator With a Golf Club and Grinned When People Laughed at Him, But He Was Not a Very Heavy Figure.

John showed what he could do as an excavator with a golf club and grinned when people laughed at him, but he was not a very heavy figure.

John showed what he could do as an excavator with a golf club and grinned when people laughed at him, but he was not a very heavy figure.

John showed what he could do as an excavator with a golf club and grinned when people laughed at him, but he was not a very heavy figure.



Photograph of Lord Halifax's Ghost Book Into Which His Lordship Copied All the Stories That Were Sent to Him by His Dis-tinguished Friends.

Real-Life Spooks

A Collection of Astonishing Real-Life Stories of Spooks Happenings Authenticated in Each Case by Specter of the

Mr. H. W. Hall sent Lord Halifax this narrative:
ON Friday, July 15th, 1905, I went on a visit to Haverholme Priory, near Seaford in Lincolnshire. The Priory is the property of the Winchills, who inherited it about eighty years ago. The tenants, with whom I was staying, were my old friends, the Hitchcocks. I dined on the train and got out at Haverholme some time after five o'clock. It was very hot and I went to bed just before midnight. Mr. Hitchcock accompanied me to my room, which, I observed, was in an old part of the house, apparently on the first floor of the tower, and having a separate entrance from the hall near the front door.
Mr. Hitchcock stayed chatting with me for a little time and I then undressed. Before getting into bed I drew aside the blinds and opened the window which looked out onto a large expanse of park. After I had been in bed for about ten minutes and was still wide awake, I heard someone walking up and down on the gravelled path under the window. I thought it was probably one of the

servants and the circumstance made no particular impression on me.
In the morning I asked the son of the house, Hal Hitchcock if I had been the last to go to bed, and he said that this was so and that he had heard his father leave my room and go to his own. I then asked him where the men-servants slept and he told me that they were all on the other side of the house. In reply to a further question he assured me that when the doors were shut for the night, nobody could get out.
The next day, which was a Saturday, I spent in Lincoln, where I had an engagement to address a meeting of the English Church Mission. In the evening, I took in to dinner Miss Susan Antrous, who had been associated with Miss Florence Nightingale in nursing, and was the foundress of the St. Barnabas Guild of Nurses. I asked her to tell me about Haverholme and she mentioned that it was built on the site of a Gilbertine Priory.
I remarked how stupid it was of me not to have remembered that, as it now came back to me that the Priory was the very place where St.

Thomas a Becket had himself for a couple of days after the Council at Northampton. She added that the modern interest in the house came from the fact that it was the Clarence Wall of Essex House, and pointing to that side of the house, which contained my bedroom, she added that the "Ghost's Walk" ran along by it and the footstep were sometimes heard. It was quite clear to my mind that those must have been the steps which had disturbed me the previous night.
I paid another visit to Haverholme in September, 1908 during some very hot weather. On the evening of Saturday, the eighth, I asked who would be going out early to church on the following morning. The nearest church with an early celebration of Holy Communion being at Anwick, on Lord Bristol's property, about half a mile away. I made this inquiry so that I should not be leaving a seat in a carriage which might be a gift of someone else. Eventually it was settled that Mr. Hitchcock and some of the ladies should go to church. I said I would go up early, and I walked there, while another guest Mr. Frank Sir Cyril

Lord Halifax includes the following in his book but does not give the source of his information.

AUGUSTUS RICHARDS PEERS, a fur trader and post manager in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, departed this life at Fort McPherson, Peel's River, in the Mackenzie River district, Northwest America. Although he had occasionally complained of ill-health his death at the comparatively early age of 33 after a few days' illness, was entirely unexpected. He was of Anglo-Irish origin, an able officer much esteemed by his friends and popular among the Indians. During a residence, of I think, eleven years at that remote district, he had been stationed for two or three seasons at headquarters (Fort Simpson), and was afterwards in charge of Forts Norman and McPherson.

In 1849, Mr. Peers married the eldest daughter of the late Chief Trader, John Bell, who still survives. By her he had two children, a girl who died in 1883, and a boy now living in Manitoba. In 1855, Mr. Peers's widow married the late trader Alexander Mackenzie, who succeeded her first husband in the charge of Fort McPherson.

Whilst a resident of both Norman and McPherson Forts, the dead man had been heard to express a strong dislike, in the event of his decease, that his bones should rest at either spot. He was believed to have made a will, but if so, he must have mislaid or destroyed it, as no such document ever turned up.

Having entered the company's services in 1852, I (Roderick Macfarlane) was appointed to Mackenzie River in the following year and reached Fort Simpson five months after Mr. Peers's death. During the Autumn of 1853, at the request of Mrs. Mackenzie and her husband, it was decided to carry out, in the course of the Winter, the long contemplated transference of the remains of Mr. Peers from their place of interment on the banks of Peel's River, to Fort Simpson, the scene of his earlier residence. Mr. (now Chief Trader) Gaudet, then in charge of Fort McPherson, agreed to convey the body by dog-train to Fort Good Hope, a distance of three hundred miles, while I undertook to take it on to its final destination some five hundred miles further south.

Fort McPherson is situated more than one degree north of the Arctic Circle. Owing to the marshiness of the soil, frost is always found a little below the surface of the ground, and on the body of Mr. Peers being exhumed by Mr. Gaudet, it was found in much the same condition as on the day of its burial. It was taken from its grave and placed in a new and unnecessarily large coffin. This was secured by a wrapper and lined on a Hudson's Bay dog-sled or train. It was an extremely difficult and awkward load for men and dogs to conduct and haul over the rugged masses of tossed-up ice which occur at intervals along the mighty Mackenzie River, especially in its higher and more rapid reaches towards the Northern Ocean.

On the 1st of March, 1860, Mr. Gaudet arrived at Good Hope and delivered up the body to my care. Shortly afterwards I set out with it for Fort Simpson. The coffin was fixed on one team or train of three dogs, conducted by an Inquis from Caughnawaga, near Montreal, named Michel Thomas. A second train carried our bedding, provisions, etc. I myself led the march on snowshoes, and after seven days of very hard and trying labor, owing to the unusual depth of snow and the quantities of rough ice, we successfully accomplished the first 200 miles of our journey to Fort Norman, the nearest point from Good Hope.

At this place the Trader-in-Charge, Mr. Nichol Taylor, was very insistent that unless the heavy coffin was more securely strapped on the sled, it would be almost impossible for us to get over the vast masses of ice which we were sure to encounter at certain points between Fort Norman and Fort Simpson. As I had previously covered the same ground twice that Winter and had had some experience of the ice, I took his advice—to our future satisfaction.

After one day's rest at Norman, we started on

the last and longest portion of our journey. At that time there was no intervening station and very few Indians were to be encountered en route. The Inroquois, Thomas was still in charge of the body-train. The baggage train dogs had we secured at Good Hope were exchanged at Norman for fresh animals, and a new driver named Michel Inroquois joined us. Mr. Taylor also helped me to beat the track, having volunteered to accompany the remains of his former master and friend.

A full description of the mode of Winter in this country may be learned from the pages of various authors, but it may be briefly stated that we usually got under way by 1 a.m., dined at some convenient spot about noon, and, after an hour's rest, resumed our journey until sunset. We then laid up for the night, generally in a pine bluff on the top of, or close to, the immediate river bank. Clearing away the snow to the ground, for a space of about ten feet square, cutting and carrying brush for the flooring, and collecting a sufficiency of firewood for cooking and warming up, usually occupied us for about an hour. Another hour would see supper over and the dogs fed, and soon afterwards most of the party would be sound asleep. Except on two occasions to be presently mentioned, the train carrying the dead body was invariably hauled up at once and placed for the night in the immediate rear of our camp. Except on the first of these two occasions, our dogs never showed any desire to interfere with the body, or seemed in the slightest degree influenced by its presence.

About sunset on the fifteenth day of March, the seventh anniversary of poor Peers's death, we were obliged to encamp at a short distance above a rock by the river-side, the ground being so uneven and craggy that the banks here were high, rocky and steep and we had to leave both trains on the ice. Even so, we found a great deal of difficulty in scrambling up the bank with our axes, snowshoes, bedding and provisions for supper and breakfast. The dogs were unharmed and remained below. The weather was calm, and comparatively fine and mild. The bank rose about thirty feet to the summit, some thirty feet beyond the rock, on which we lay down for the night. All hands then set about making the necessary preparations, cutting and carrying supplies of fine brush and firewood.

We had been busy at this work for perhaps ten or twelve minutes, when the dogs began to bark and we concluded that Indians were approaching, this being a part of the river at which it was quite usual to fall in with them. Nevertheless, we continued our work and the dogs went on barking, though not so loudly and fiercely as is usual in such circumstances. Neither the dogs nor the sleds were visible from the camp, but only from the top of the river bank. While I was talking to Mr. Taylor on the subject, we all distinctly heard the word "Marche!" (I may remark that French terms are almost universally used to dogs in the Northwest). The word seemed to have been spoken by someone at the foot of the bank, who wished to drive the dogs away from his path, and we all left our work to see who the stranger was. When no one appeared, two of us (Thomas and myself) went to the top of the bank, where to our amazement, no one was visible. The dogs were clustered round the body-train at a distance of several feet and were apparently excited by something. We had to call them repeatedly before they broke away and came up to our encampment. Here they stayed perfectly quiet for the night, taking no further notice of the body on the train. It struck me at the time that the word "Marche!" had been more clearly enunciated than I had ever heard it from the lips of an Indian, who can seldom get beyond "March" or "Marche."

On the eighteenth of March we had to travel for two hours after dark, in order to find a suitable encampment. Although we eventually discovered a tolerably good place for the camp, on a large island on the river, it was no easy matter to ascend a perpendicular bank some twelve feet in height. The baggage train being now very light, by tying a line to the foremost dog we managed to drag it to the top. We were able to haul up the dogs of

the body train in the same way, but it was beyond our power to pull up the body and sled, which we were reluctantly obliged to leave below.

After cutting a road for about thirty yards through some of the willows, we found ourselves on the edge of a dense forest of small pines, where, although dry wood was far from abundant, we made our camp. When most of the work was over, and, owing to the still blowing wind, my ear protectors had been removed, Mr. Taylor asked me if I had heard a very loud call twice repeated from the direction of the river. I replied that I had heard nothing, but that the thicket was very dense and, owing to the still blowing wind, my ear protectors had been closely tied down. The two Inroquois then asserted that they also had distinctly heard the call.

I said, "Well, let us see who or what it is. Possibly an Indian has followed our tracks." On reaching the river, however, we could neither see nor hear anything. I then decided to haul up the body train, which in spite of the difficulty we succeeded in doing. Early next morning, we had reason to congratulate ourselves on taking this trouble, as on reaching the spot from which we had removed the body train we discovered that a wolven had been there during the

night. Had we left the body on the spot it would undoubtedly have made havoc with the remains.

Fort Simpson was at length reached without further incident on the afternoon of March the twenty-first, and on the twenty-third the body was duly buried in the grave cut adjacent to the Fort. Shortly after my arrival I recounted everything to Chief Trader R. Peers, the district manager, who had been an intimate friend of the late Mr. Peers. Mr. Peers's last wish, that his remains should rest at Fort Simpson, was thus fulfilled. When he said the word "Marche!" what he declared to be the tone of the dead man, it seemed to me to be very similar to what we had heard on March the thirteenth at our camp near the river.

During my last stay at Simpson I secured a room with Mr. Ross. On the first or second night after retiring and extinguishing the light, we were talking about those strange occurrences and other matters, including the supposed disappearance of Mr. Peers's will. I then became unconsciously conscious of what I can only describe as a supernatural presence in the room. The feeling came on me so suddenly that I instantly covered my face with the blanket. After a few moments Mr. Ross, who had stopped talking, asked me in an excited voice if I had experienced a very strange

The Ghost Pilot Who Jammed the Co

This story was told by Mr. Charles Dundas, of India, in the library of Hurlerton Hall—the Yorkshire seat of Lord Halifax—on December 21, 1920.

Lord Halifax is connected with the Dundas family through his sister, Alice, who married the Hon. John Charles Dundas, son of the first Marquis of Zetland.

Mr. Charles Dundas was the eldest son and thus a nephew of Lord Halifax.

I MUST first tell you how I came to hear this story told.

Probably you all know that in 1919 we had a war with Afghanistan. That war was brought to an immediate and sudden end by the fact that we had a very big airplane called "The Old Carthusian" out in India at the time, which was ordered to go and bomb Kabul.

This was shortly after the murder of the late Amir Habibullah Khan in which ex-King Amanullah was supposed to have had a part. The main object of bombing the city was to alarm the mother of Amanullah, a result so sufficiently attained that immediately afterwards a message came to the effect that the Afghans wanted peace. Between our outposts and Kabul there is a mountain some 6,000 feet high (more than 2,000 feet higher than Ben Nevis), and the men in the airplane had the greatest difficulty returning. They only cleared the top of the mountain by ten feet and crashed on the other side, doing themselves a certain amount of damage.

The pilot was a little man about 4 feet 5 inches in height named Halle, a well-known flying man, and with him was a fellow aviator named Villiers, who had served in France but had returned from the Air Force and was in business in Calcutta. When the war with Afghanistan broke out, he had been placed on board the P. and O. liner.

I did not then know that he was a flying man, but about twelve o'clock one day I was talking to him and two senior colonels of the Indian Army acting as brigadiers in Mesopotamia. We were in the Red Sea at the time.

The conversation turned on Gallipoli and Mesopotamia, and especially on the behavior of the Australian troops in both these theatres.

Villiers then said that he could tell a curious story of the Australian Flying Corps.

At that moment, the weather being hot, I suggested a whisky and soda, but he waved saying, "If I take it you will certainly not believe the story I am going to tell you."

He had, he said, been quartered in France at a flying camp next door to an Australian squadron. As every one knows, most of the pilots in France were young men of from nineteen to twenty-four years of age, and were sometimes even younger than that.

The Australian aviators were especially daring, but when they were off duty the pilots and observers led the wildest of lives and spent their time in gambling, drinking and other forms of dissipation, on the principle of "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

One night a game of poker was going on among four young pilots belonging to the same



Knebworth Hall, the English Castle Where Bulwer-Lytton Made His Rev Productions.

The Ghost Book of Dreams, Premonitions and Eerie Home Eminent Personage Haverholme Canoness?

Cobb, later Chairman of the London County Council, proposed to ride to church on his bicycle.

When Sunday morning came I was down by seven o'clock and found Mr. Cobb already up and attending to his bicycle. The weather was intensely hot without a breath of wind. Mr. Cobb remarked that I was wise to allow myself plenty of time on such a morning, but that as he was going to bicycle he would not be starting for a while.

I set off walking through the inner grounds, and crossing the bridge over the River Lea, which runs through the Park. I was then in the long avenue with a fine view on either side. On approaching the bridge, which passes over Ruskington Beck, I heard behind me a very loud and fierce whizzing noise. At first I thought this must be Cobb riding his bicycle, and when turning round I called out to him and asked him why he had made such a start and why he was in such a hurry. No answer came and although I could see nothing, the whizzing noise seemed to go past me and to disappear in the distance.

ad Man Were in Danger

sensation I replied that I had, describing it, whereupon he assumed me that this was exactly the experience he himself had undergone. I know what manner is but it is most unlikely that two individuals both perfectly wide awake and carrying on a conversation upon a subject of interest to them should be thus attacked simultaneously. I should add that neither of us had drunk any wine or spirits, which might be held to account for our sensations.

I do not wish to others if they can, to account for the facts I have stated here but if it be granted that the spirits of the dead are sometimes allowed to manifest themselves and their discarded bodies, as Taylor and Mr. Peers's feelings regarding the late Inspector of his remains, what more natural course would his spirit have taken in order to prevent the desecration of his body? From the position of our camp on March the fifteenth, it may be taken for granted that it was really impossible to have dragged the train across a steep and rugged bank. Dogs are invariably hungry after four days' work and the other being fine they have scented the still fresh and uncorrupted body, their barking at and position round the sled would in any other hypothesis be unaccountable. There was, of course, danger from wolves and

In the evening I went with Mr. Hitchcock in the carriage to Evedon Church on the Haverholme property. After the service, having told Mr. Hitchcock beforehand of my experience in the morning, I asked the Rector some questions. He had been tutor to the late Lord Winchelsea and his brother and probably knew more about the place than anybody else. He told me that the long avenue had a bad name and that when he had occasion to visit the Priory at night he neither went nor returned by it. There was, he said, a tradition that the avenue was haunted by a Gilbertine canoness the point at which she was reputed to have been seen being a particular tree near the bridge over Ruskington Beck.

I was at Haverholme once more in the late Summer of 1907, and one evening while I was there, Mrs. Hitchcock and the maid neither saw nor heard anything, but just before they reached the bridge in the avenue the dog set up a most pitiful howling and tore back to the house in terror. On returning they had great difficulty in finding him, as he had hidden himself away and for some time refused to come out.

wolverines, but presumably spirits know more than mortals. On the night of the eighteenth of March the bank was difficult to ascend, and to get up it we had to raise and push the first man until he could catch hold of some willow, by which he could hoist himself up. He then threw us a line. The bank, however, was not insurmountable and as a most vicious and destructive animal actually leaped the spot where the train would have been left for the night, what other course would any spirit be likely to take than to utter these repeated calls which were heard? As to the extraordinary feeling experienced by Mr. Ross and myself at the moment when we were talking of the dead man and his missing will, might not this have arisen from a desire on his part to communicate some information to us, which, through losing our presence of mind, we missed our opportunity of receiving?

The facts I have stated made so indelible an impression on me that the foregoing account, in my opinion, does not differ in any material point from the story which I communicated to Mr. Ross and others at the time and have told repeatedly since.

R. MacFARLANE

This statement was apparently followed by a

Controls and Wrecked Three Airplanes

Eight who were all due to go up the next morning. Since they were all heavily in debt the game was argued on largely on credit.

The heaviest loser was the youngest pilot, who, at the end of the evening, gave 100's for his debts, saying "I cannot possibly pay you tonight, but I will pay you all tomorrow."

Not minding the weather was fair for flying, and the youngest pilot was due to go up first.

His machine had barely got to a height of 300 feet when it suddenly spun into a dive, in a way that was impossible unless it had been forced into it by the pilot. At least it was not how a "plane" could control would I tell you.

There was a crash, and the pilot was killed on the spot. He was the young man who had said he would pay all the others on the next day.

The next to go up was another of the four poker players. He was flying a dual-control machine, and had an observer, but the observer's seat was empty.

When he reached a height of nearly 500 feet his machine suddenly stalled and crashed to the ground. The pilot was not killed on the spot, although he did a little later.

When he was asked how the crash had happened he replied that the boy who had already been killed was sitting behind him in the observer's seat and had jammed the controls and pulled him down.

The third member of the poker party of the night before was the next to go up. He was alone, and had reached about the same height as had the other two when the same accident happened to him.

As he was killed on the spot, it was never known how he had come by his end.

By this time the pilots in the squadron, in the hope of climbing up to his shoulder. This struck my friend as being most odd, and, in a way that he could hardly explain, rather repulsive, as he had always had an irrational repugnance for cats. However, as the animal seemed to be entirely devoted to him he allowed him upstairs, but on reaching his bedroom shut the door against it. When he went down to dinner, the cat was still outside the door and followed him into the dining-room, where its apparent devotion was the subject of much chaff.

The same performance was repeated at bedtime, when again he saw to it that the cat was left

that some one had to go up, and each must take his turn.

So he went out, and when he had risen to about 500 feet, for some reason his machine stalled and crashed like the others.

He was alive when he was picked up, and lived just long enough to tell those about him that the young pilot had been sitting behind him and had wrenched the controls away.

Mr. Everard Meynell, who told the following story in a letter to Lord Lytton, was the latter's nephew, being the son of his brother, the Hon. Frederick Wood, who changed his name to Meynell on succeeding to the estate at Hoar Cross.

I REALLY must tell you of a most extraordinary story which I have just this moment heard and am putting into writing at once before I forget any of the details.

I was sitting in my club after dinner, smoking a cigarette and drinking my coffee, when a friend of mine, whom I had not seen for some time, came up and began to talk to me on various subjects. At length he said that he had just experienced a most singular adventure.

It appears that last Sunday he went down to Eastbourne to stay with some friends for the week-end, hoping to get a little fresh air and recuperate generally after a period of somewhat severe work, during which he had been suffering a good deal from sleeplessness. On the Saturday evening, when he arrived, he found a cheerful party in the house and was congratulating himself upon having been able to get away from London in time to dress for dinner, his attention was attracted by the behavior of a large black cat, which rushed forward to meet him as he came into the hall and began to display violent signs of affection, rubbing itself against his leg and trying to climb up to his shoulder. This struck my friend as being most odd, and, in a way that he could hardly explain, rather repulsive, as he had always had an irrational repugnance for cats. However, as the animal seemed to be entirely devoted to him he allowed him upstairs, but on reaching his bedroom shut the door against it. When he went down to dinner, the cat was still outside the door and followed him into the dining-room, where its apparent devotion was the subject of much chaff.

The same performance was repeated at bedtime, when again he saw to it that the cat was left



It Has Been Said That Dogs Can Sense a Spook When Human Beings Are Not Aware of an Alleged Spectral Visitor. Did the Dog See the Spirit Form of the Canoness at the Bridge?

letter to me Mr. MacFarlane dated April 20th 1887. The letter is preserved in my collection.

Some writing at the bottom of the letter reads: "I have enclosed a few notes on the subject. Not to be opened until the story has been written, and I now beg to return to those of your letters follows."

Mr. N. Taylor, myself, Mr. L. E. Dwyer, and a young Methodist minister, all still alive, testify to the exception of myself, the only survivor of the party, distinctly heard what purported to be the word "Marche." I do not think Mr. Taylor made any remark as to the tone of the voice, as we all fully believed that an Indian on his way to assist us, as I overheard the word; but its clear enunciation struck me at the time. Subsequently, when I heard Mr. Ross imitate the voice of Mr. Peers's dog, I was struck by a great similarity to the sound I had heard on March the fifteenth. Mr. Taylor also declared that Mr. Peers's remark of "Marche" was very like his recollection of Peers's voice.

The sound certainly appeared to us to come from somewhere near the spot at the foot of the river bank where the body train had been left.

I have stated from memory the distance from the foot of the bank to the fifteenth to the edge of the bank at about thirty feet. It may have been more and there was a

outside the door of his room. During the whole of Sunday, the cat continued to behave in this strange way, making almost desperate attempts to climb up to my friend's neck. On Sunday evening when he went to bed he had forcibly to prevent the cat from following him into his room.

Sometimes, doubtless, by the sea air and the quiet surroundings, he at once fell into a deep and dreamless sleep, a thing which he had not been able to do for many weeks. He was awakened very gradually by a curious drawn feeling down one side of him. In his own words he felt as though he "was breathing only on one side of his body." At the same time he had a feeling of faintness and languor which tempted him to turn over and go off to sleep again, but a sharp prickling sensation over his heart caused him to place his hand to his side, where he felt something warm and furry. He started up and found the cat pressed closely against him, with its head buried under his arm and the whole of one side of his night shirt drenched with blood.

He sprang out of bed and said something to the cat, which at once stopped purring, came to the end of the bed, and began to spit and curse at him with a hatred which more than equalled its previous affection. Needless to say, it was

rather a sharp descent of nearly thirty feet to the body train. As the weather was clear and calm and all of us were wide awake, and the only circumstances favoring the possibility of sound to our ears in spite of the most anxious not rather low and faint, but distinct, voice. On the second evening, however, the cat was heard to utter a low, guttural sound, which was not unlike the first, but more like a drop of twelve feet at the end of the night, and possibly made himself heard from below unless he gave a very loud, shrill, and prolonged howl or yell, and this was exactly what Taylor and the other two men asserted having twice heard. I did not myself hear either of the calls, but bearing in mind my position at the time, in the midst of a dense thicket of small pine, with my earflaps tied down, and the wind rushing among the trees, this is not surprising. Having been noted for being remarkably quiet since an winter camp, especially before supper, and if I had heard any sounds on that occasion I would undoubtedly have attributed them to these calls.

There was no wolfy note at or near the body train while it remained on the ice, but we discovered that one had been there during the night.

I have had no other supernatural experience worthy of record.

the work of a moment to throw the creature out of the room.

Subsequent inquiries explained how the cat had got in. My friend had given instructions to be called only when we wished to catch a train. The footman, however, on making the time had come to his bedroom an hour too soon, at six o'clock instead of at seven, and when opening the door he remembered having left the cat in and having been unable to chase it out again. It was seventy-fourth when my friend awoke, so the cat had had about an hour and a half, uninterrupted, in which time it had managed to suck quite a quantity of blood. An extraordinary circumstance was that, although it had drawn so much blood, it must have had to lick through the night shirt. All the skin on the left side of my friend's body was turned up and down, leaving clear marks of the animal's tongue.

It was an extremely unpleasant experience and the cat's immediate discovery of some horrible affinity between it and my friend makes the story the more ghastly. When my friend returned to London he consulted two doctors, who were able to reassure him that the wound was perfectly healthy, and to dispel any fears that he might have of the sanity of the cat.

Lord Lytton's Fateful Horoscope

Lord Lytton, to whom this story refers, was the first Earl, the well-known author and Viceroy of India. The story was sent to Lord Lytton by Lady Margaret Shelley.

MISS JOHNS, of Corstoft, in Pembrokeshire.

Once went to stay with Lord Lytton at Knebworth. She found him full of a horoscope he had taken for Lord Beaconsfield, which had turned out to be a correct anticipation of events. Miss Johns begged Lord Lytton to forecast her own future, and after some persuasion he consented. He told her:

"You will shortly have a love-affair which will end disastrously and make you very unhappy. You will then go out into Society, meet many illustrious people, and have an interesting time. The tragedy of your life will be connected with the treachery of a servant. Finally, late in life, you will meet a man accustomed to command, whom you will marry and with whom you will be very happy."

Within a few weeks of this visit to Knebworth, Miss Johns became engaged to a nephew of Lady

(Continued on Page 23)

Millions enjoy the lasting silence and BIGGER SAVINGS OF SERVEL ELECTROLUX



You get exclusive
advantages because
its freezing system

**HAS NO
MOVING PARTS**

- **RUNS FOR AMAZINGLY LITTLE**—just a few cents a day—because it has no moving parts.
- **AVOIDS COSTLY UPKEEP EXPENSE**—because it gives you dependable service throughout its long life.
- **PROTECTS YOUR FOOD PERFECTLY EVERY MINUTE**—enables you to store food having by taking advantage of its specialities.
- **NEVER MAKES A NOISE**—this modern refrigerator is permanently silent, not just relatively quiet when new.
- **PAYS FOR ITSELF**—in a remarkably short time with its economy of operation.

IN HOMES throughout America, Servel Electrolux is showing amazing savings on food bills, operating cost and upkeep year after year. And it's proving, too, the lasting comfort of a refrigerator that's free from noise.

These matchless benefits are the result of a different, simpler way of producing cold and cubes of ice. A tiny gas flame takes the place of moving parts in the freezing system of this remarkable refrigerator. It circulates the refrigerant which is hermetically sealed in rigid steel. Throughout its long life, Servel Electrolux brings you the same silent, money-saving refrigeration as it did when new.

This week, see the beautiful 1947 Servel Electrolux at your gas company or neighborhood dealer. The great American gas industry has thoroughly tested Servel Electrolux and recommends it to you. Your own local company stands behind it with the traditional gas company guarantee of prompt, perfect service on every appliance it installs.

For farm and country homes
it runs on kerosene or bottled gas

Even if you live beyond the gas mains, you can still enjoy the convenience and savings that have made Servel Electrolux the favorite refrigerator of millions. Write for details: Servel, Inc., Dept. AW-7, Evansville, Ind. 47906. (Servel Electrolux is also sold in Canada, Central and South America.)

READ WHAT HAPPY OWNERS SAY

"It's so important that Servel Electrolux operates without moving parts, that it never bothered with noisy parts or repairs. It's just as quiet and efficient as the day we bought it and it saves us money."

Mr. Addis L. Kinno
San Jose, California

"I can't say that I ever owned a refrigerator before I bought my Servel Electrolux. It's so quiet and efficient that it's just what I needed."

Mrs. Wells V. Guggle
Washington, D. C.



"My husband and I have owned our Servel Electrolux for several years and it's just what we needed. It's so quiet and efficient that it's just what I needed. It's just as quiet and efficient as the day we bought it and it saves us money."

Mrs. C. W. Gabriel
Columbus, Ohio



"Not a moment should I go on 10 years with my Servel Electrolux. My wife says she wishes everything was as dependable as this refrigerator. It's silent and comfortable to cost very little to run—just a few cents a day."

Mr. M. Schneider
Lincoln, Nebraska

**NEW LOW PRICES
NEW LOW TERMS**
Every Modern Convenience

SERVEL ELECTROLUX
THE Gas REFRIGERATOR

SEE IT AT
YOUR GAS COMPANY
OR LOCAL DEALER

REVIVE HEAT-WEARY APPETITES WITH **Canned Florida Grapefruit**

JUICE AND SECTIONS—READY TO SERVE!

YOU CERTAINLY KNOW
WHAT TASTES GOOD
THESE HOT DAYS.



GRAPEFRUIT UP-SIDE DOWN CAKE

*New and different
with a delightful
tangy flavor you'll love*

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, firmly packed	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 tall can Florida grapefruit	1 egg
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted cake flour
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	$1\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons baking powder

Butter thickly an 8x8x2-inch cake pan and cover bottom with brown sugar and canned grapefruit sections. Cream shortening with salt. Add sugar gradually, then unbeaten egg, beating till light and fluffy. Sift together flour and baking powder. Measure $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grapefruit juice from same can. Add flour alternately with grapefruit juice, a little at a time, beating after each addition till smooth. Pour over mixture in pan and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 50 to 60 minutes. Serve with whipped cream. Makes 8 portions.

SLIMS THE FIGURE—

Grapefruit is non-fat-
tening. It keeps weight
down and pep UP! So
drink canned Florida
grapefruit juice fresh.
Eat grapefruit salads
and fruit cups in place
of rich, heavy desserts.
And the picture you'll
see in your mirror will
please you!



GRAPEFRUIT APRICOT SALAD—Colorful and appealing—Prepared in a jiffy with canned Florida grapefruit sections and apricot halves, stuffed with cream cheese. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise or French dressing.



PEPS UP BREAKFAST—A hot night . . . nobody's slept well . . . nobody's hungry. Bring on your Florida grapefruit and hear them change their tune! Its zesty flavor just makes you eat. And no fuss preparing. Just open a can for delicious juice or choice grapefruit sections.



BUY A DOZEN CANS AT A TIME!

Try it for delicious fruit cups, salads, desserts

● No more racking your brains to know how to coax back lost summer appetites. *Florida grapefruit will do it!* When you feel you can't eat a bite, grapefruit's zesty, tart-sweet flavor will make you. Grapefruit juice quenches thirst like nothing else in the world, freshens you up like a dip in the surf, helps keep the system alkaline and make the heat more bearable.

Florida grapefruit is delicious for breakfast just as it comes from the can, sections or juice, ready to serve in a jiffy. It adds new zest to fruit drinks, fruit cups and salads—makes marvelous jellied and frozen dishes and other desserts. Just try the two recipes given here—you'll be able to think of dozens more.

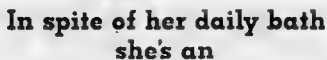
Always have several cans chilling in the refrigerator. You'll find the flavor finer than ever, for this year Florida (where the finest grapefruit grows) has had a prize grapefruit crop. Buy a dozen cans of Florida grapefruit or grapefruit juice today.

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA



SLEET BETWEEN MEALS—So say the youngsters. So says everybody. And your doctor would say so, too. For grapefruit is a real thirst-quencher. Its vitamins and mineral salts tone up the system, alkalize, helps us laugh off the heat!

(continued from Page 18)



EVERY day she makes the same mistake. She expects the air to be perfect. So she takes it all for granted. She doesn't protect her skin from the sun, the wind, the cold, the heat, the pollution, the stress. She doesn't think about it. She just lives. And she's safe for all day. No time wasted waiting for it to be perfect. It's just there.

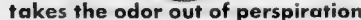
Harmless to clothing. Use Men's Wearhouse's new after-dressing deodorant. It's safe for your clothes, too.

MUM



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS TOO. MUM is the only brand of sanitary napkins that has a special odor-removing agent.

takes the odor out of perspiration



1. The first part of the document is a title page. It contains the title of the document, the author's name, and the date of the document. The title is "The First Part of the Document". The author's name is "John Doe". The date is "12/12/2023".

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brought to take the out from the
room and to the page 101

Muir Gripped the Gun and Stepped Back. I was trying to keep you from making it a money tour. He said grimly. "I thought three dead men were enough for you."

Permanently altered the landscape
of the area.

The first of these is the fact that the
 second of these is the fact that the
 third of these is the fact that the
 fourth of these is the fact that the
 fifth of these is the fact that the

Double Manhunt

How Far Ca

Can a Fly Fly?

[illegible]

Half & Half makes working a pleasure. Cool as the chief's: "So you need a vacation!" Smooth as: "You've earned it. Take two weeks with pay." Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your pipe will be glad to spend your vacation with you.

Not a bit of bits in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

The house fly is a known carrier of many diseases, is highly resistant to insecticides. Some authors

(Continued on p. 10)

HEAT TOO MUCH TO BEAR?

COOL OFF WITH
A CALVERT
COLLINS!



Some ice cubes clinking in a glass,
Some Calvert smooth and rare,
Then, as the summer evenings pass,
Who'd be a polar bear?



Members of the distinguished
Calvert Family are Calvert's
"Reserve", Calvert's "Special",
and Old Drum Brand Whiskies, and
Calvert Distilled London Dry Gin.

HOW TO MAKE A COOLING "CALVERT COLLINS"...



TEAR OUT THIS RECIPE

The famous
CALVERT COLLINS:

2 oz. Calvert's "Reserve" or "Special",
Juice of 1 lemon or
a 1/2 lemon and a 1/2 lime
2 teaspoons sugar
Shake well—strain into 12 oz. glass
adding Club Soda and ice. Decorate
with fruit if you wish.

KEEP THIS RECIPE ON ICE, TOO! CALVERT COOLER:

Here's a drink mint julep fans will go for:
put 12 to 15 mint leaves in bottom of a tall
glass. Add a spoon of powdered sugar
and a little water. Allow to stand for a
while, then fill glass 1/2 with very fine ice
and pour 1 1/2 oz. Calvert's "Reserve" or
"Special" into the glass. When the drink is
almost ready to be served, fill to top with
crushed ice. Then add a little more whiskey
or a little rum. Decorate with a generous
bouquet of mint. A fresh strawberry adds
a distinctive touch.

Everywhere, from coast to coast, folks have
taken to the rich and mellow Calvert Blends.
For the trend is to blends...and near and far
—wherever you are—the call's for Calvert!
Millions are learning—A perfectly blended
whiskey makes a perfectly blended drink.

CLEAR HEADS

CALL FOR
Calvert
WHISKIES



Cap. 1137 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERIES: RELAY, MD. AND LOUISVILLE, KY. EXECUTIVE OFFICES: CHRYSLER BLDG., N. Y. C. CALVERT'S "RESERVE" BLENDED WHISKY—96 PROOF—straight whiskey in this product is 8 years old. 32% 8 year old straight whiskey. 68% grain neutral spirits. CALVERT'S "SPECIAL" BLENDED WHISKY—90 PROOF—straight whiskey in this product are 2 years or more old. 38% 2 year old straight whiskey. 75% grain neutral spirits. CALVERT'S OLD DRUM BRAND BLENDED WHISKY—90 PROOF—straight whiskey in this product are 1 year and 6 months or more old. 35% straight whiskey. 75% grain neutral spirits. CALVERT'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN—90 PROOF—distilled from 100% American grain neutral spirits.

By Seward Trent

it. I'll bet I know why he was

...saying:

"He paused to relight his cigar."

"He was probably thinking how much fun it would be to wrestle an octopus!"

OLD DERRIL SUGAR
WE SURE CUSTS BROOD

CAK BAKERS WIK
CAR LICK HIM THE

WOLLY
PE

WROD PENNZOIL DEALER!
100 Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

[illegible]

"An amazing value!"

I've been looking for a truck like this for years. It's got everything I need - power windows, air conditioning, and a great price!

TRUCK OWNERS!

"I was really surprised at
 it when I was asked to
 appear on the program," says
 Rupp. "I didn't know I was
 going to be on it. I was
 in New York and I was
 in a new apartment and
 I was in a new apartment."



You are invited to tune in on
 Mike Rogers, Assistant Vice
 President, Columbia Network, every
 Thursday 8 to 9 PM EDT.

Easy terms gladly ar-
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 at low cost, through Com-
 mercial Credit Company.

Look for this
Blue Seal

DEPENDABLE

BLUE SEAL



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them.



You are invited to tune in on
Major Howard Amateur Hour,
Columbia Network every
Thursday 8:10 P M EDT

Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget.

at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.

.....

Shellfish for Summer

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

A PLATTER of steaming clams, a lobster salad, a brace of fried soft-shell crabs, an invigorating mussel stew, a portion of scallops and bacon, a simple entree dish with shrimp as the chief component—ah, it's tops to select shellfish in summer!

For all these members of the deliciously edible sea-food family have in common the characteristic of being substantial without taxing digestion.

Another and more unusual characteristic of this select class of sea-food is that they are sufficient unto themselves. That is, shellfish do not require the addition of a large amount of vegetable or any other food at the same meal.

This is a subtle point, and one very important for the busy homemaker who desires to lessen her cooking labors and "come out of the kitchen" as much as possible. Once you decide on a dish of shellfish your whole menu is planned, for these meat-in-one foods require almost nothing else but a cooling beverage and a melon or saucer of berries for a "complete meal."

Another point is that economy. True, the shellfish has a shell, claws or skin covering which are not eaten, but once the hard protecting shell or carapace is sloughed off, the inner hard morsel is all meat, and delicate

white meat at that. And although some of the clam cooked with fat, it is also characteristic that a simple steaming, without oil, is enough to make the shells open up, releasing their savory juices and disclosing the hidden tidbits.

Crabs look like nothing but a number of legs trying to cross both the red and the green light at the same time. And there are two kinds of crabs, the hard-shell and the soft-shell crab, however, only during certain seasonal moments when undergoing the dangers and discomforts of changing his shell. Crabs should always be alive and kicking briskly when purchased. Soft-shell crabs are fried, whereas the hard-shell meet their fate in a kettle of boiling water.

To prepare soft crabs, stick a sharp knife into the body between the eyes. Lift up the pointed ends of the shell and remove spongy white fibres. Turn crab on its back and remove the apron, a ventral plaque, or loose shell running to a point about middle of under-shell. Wash crabs and fry at once in deep fat or oil.

To prepare hard crabs, drop them head-first into boiling salted water to cover and cook for ten minutes. Drain, rinse and cool. Crack shell and claws with cracker to remove meat.

Crabmeat from native crabs picked from the shell may be purchased by the pound, packaged in parchment. The hard canned crabmeat is of a large variety which may be substituted for lobster in many dishes, solid and hot.

Clams are among the least expensive of summer shellfish and have a long history of local tradition in New England and elsewhere. Clam chowder, steamed clams and clams on the half-shell are among the truly native dishes of which America may boast.

There are also two main types of clams, the hard-shell or quahogs and the soft-shell, popularly called "steamers." The hard clams, according to graded size, are Little Necks and Cherrystones (usually eaten raw), whereas the large chowder clams are cooked in nourishing, hearty fish soup.

Clam broth, the natural juices and essences of the clam, is a stimulating drink when served steaming hot, and a cooling summer soup when made into a gelatin bouillon. Clams are boiled by the dozen when to be eaten out of hand, or by the peck or bushel for quantity use.

The shells should always be tightly closed and all broken or cracked shells avoided. Open by steaming lightly, just long enough to open the shells, or the large hard clams may be opened with a special knife and a rotating motion with a trick twist movement which requires practice to achieve with speed and ease.

Mussels are the neglected seafood in this country. They are caught the low rocks, uncovered at shallow tide, with their bluntly triangular blue-black shells tangled in seaweed. When steamed to open, the shells reveal a choice inner tidbit of beautiful salmon or shell-pink hue, and of the most tender texture.

The tender, soft meat of this shellfish makes a delicious succulent morsel, however prepared. Mussel broth is also delicate and delicious and should never be wasted. Mussels may be purchased in fish markets, but since they are free for the pick-

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Raspberries, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Milk Toast, Café, Luncheon Cream of Cauliflower, Lamb Chops, Sweetened Condensed Milk, Apple Sauce, Ice Cream, Dinner Whipped Cream, Dinner Tomato Soup, Fried Chicken, Crisp Lamb in Blue Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Cauliflower, Milk, Dessert Salo.	Breakfast Blackberry Jelly, Whole Grain Cereal, Boiled Bacon, Luncheon Tomato Bisquit, Café, Salmon Luncheon Shrimp Bouquet, Mashed Potatoes, Crisp Lamb in Blue Sauce, Vegetable Salad, Swedish Bread, Fruit Punch Dinner Dinner (Company) Pasta Dinner Macaroni and Cheese, Ham with Mustard, Crisp Lamb in Blue Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Cauliflower, Milk, Dessert Salo.	Breakfast Grapefruit, Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Boiled Tomato Bisque, Luncheon (Left-Over), Café, Luncheon Ham and Braised Potatoes, Harvard Potatoes, Crisp Lamb in Blue Sauce, Prime Mutton, Lemon Sauce, Dinner Dinner (Company) Cauliflower, Boiled Lobster or Gumbo, Salmon, Shrimp Bouquet, Potatoes, Jellied Lamb, Crisp Lamb in Blue Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Cauliflower, Milk, Dessert Salo.	Breakfast Shrimp Orange, Cereal, Fried Eggs, Dried Beef in Cream, Luncheon Café, Luncheon Tomato Bisque, Appetizer, Crisp Lamb in Blue Sauce, a la King on Golden Coriander, Crisp Lamb in Blue Sauce, Prime Mutton, Lemon Sauce, Dinner Dinner (Company) Cauliflower, Boiled Lobster or Gumbo, Salmon, Shrimp Bouquet, Potatoes, Jellied Lamb, Crisp Lamb in Blue Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Cauliflower, Milk, Dessert Salo.	Breakfast Rye, Plums, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee, Luncheon Café, Luncheon Crisps, Chilled Vegetable Flatter, Hot Cheese Cakes, Banana Brown Sauce, Dinner Dinner (Company) Cauliflower, Boiled Lobster or Gumbo, Salmon, Shrimp Bouquet, Potatoes, Jellied Lamb, Crisp Lamb in Blue Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Cauliflower, Milk, Dessert Salo.	Breakfast Cauliflower, Cereal, Toasted Eggs, Cheese Bread, Apple Marmalade, Luncheon Eggs, Appetizer, Crisp Lamb in Blue Sauce, Prime Mutton, Lemon Sauce, Dinner Dinner (Company) Cauliflower, Boiled Lobster or Gumbo, Salmon, Shrimp Bouquet, Potatoes, Jellied Lamb, Crisp Lamb in Blue Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Cauliflower, Milk, Dessert Salo.	Breakfast Orange Juice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Toasted Bread, Apple Marmalade, Luncheon Eggs, Appetizer, Crisp Lamb in Blue Sauce, Prime Mutton, Lemon Sauce, Dinner Dinner (Company) Cauliflower, Boiled Lobster or Gumbo, Salmon, Shrimp Bouquet, Potatoes, Jellied Lamb, Crisp Lamb in Blue Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Cauliflower, Milk, Dessert Salo.



FRESH FROM THE SEA

Delicious... Nourishing

Nowegian Sardines are caught at their prime... lightly smoked, promptly packed in pure olive oil. Delicious, appetizing, nourishing... fish in iron, iodine, phosphorus, calcium and vitamins. Always ask for BRISLING, the finest in flavor and tender, juicy plumpness.

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NORWEGIAN SARDINES

IRONING DAY DRUDGERY

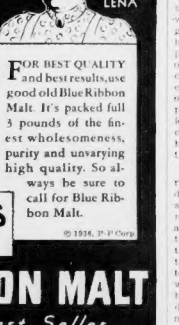
See For Yourself

THE HUBINGER CO., 205, Keokuk, Ia.

IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.



For Best Quality and best results, use good old Blue Ribbon Malt. It's packed full 3 pounds of the finest wholesome, pure and unvarying high quality. So always be sure to call for Blue Ribbon Malt.



ing along many a seacoast, it is difficult to see why they are not more generally popular. But mussel stew, and chilled pickled scallops, are among the choicest dishes of the epicure.

Scallops are another tidbit from within the enclosing shells to be eaten in this firm, white to opaque, circular muscle. The best scallops are cream-colored and not white. Day or Cape scallops are larger, while sea scallops are considerably larger.

Usually scallops are purchased already shelled, from the fish dealer's ice chest. Their price may seem a bit high by the pound, but it must be recalled that every bit of the opened scallop is edible meat.

Shrimp are one of the smaller members of the large and important family of Crustacea, to which Big Brother Lobster also belongs. Like him, shrimp have segmented bodies of choice meat, which requires little effort to separate from the enclosing parchment-like protecting case. Raw shrimp are usually sold by the pound, without heads. They are greenish-gray, but on cooking bluish to a fiery red, as do lobsters.

Wash shrimp thoroughly and lay in cold water, slowly bring to the boil, and turn off the heat. Allow to stand 20 minutes, or until cool. This leaves the flesh much more tender than when boiled 30 minutes, as many recipes recommend. Hard boiling toughens the flesh, much as it does the delicate protein of egg white.

After peeling shrimp, "shuck" off the head or parchment skin, and with a sharp knife cut open and remove the black line which is the intestinal duct. This is important. Then set shrimp in colander and flush generously with water to cleanse perfectly.

In some recipes, however, it is necessary to leave on the tail, so that the shrimp may be held by the tail and dipped into deep fat, or so that it presents more whole appearance. Japanese fried shrimp, dipped in batter, for example, must have the tail left on so that it may be picked up and dipped into the special sauce, and then eaten with the fingers.

Lobster is the de luxe member of this sea-food group, and perhaps the special favorite of our country. In later, planked lobster, lobster thermidor, etc., are all familiar of good eating places. Lobster is better planked to prepare at home than are the other sea-foods, and it takes an expert to match the taste of a skilled hotel fish chef. Lobster meat, picked from the claws and tail, makes the choice tidbits for cold lobster dishes.

This sea food is fashionable to stage a lobster party or sea-food dinner, where special pottery is used. One table set with this week was set with individual glass or screw place mats, and bright red napkins. The large platter and matching plates were of white pottery with red lobster claws in high relief around the edges. Small covered casseroles of lobster shape, in gay colored pottery, were used to serve scalloped lobster dishes. A large covered red pitcher held the clam broth, while individual shells held the tartar sauce at each place.

While a traditional shellfish recipe is a treasure to be passed down the generations, it may be said that many women make the mistake of serving these foods always in the same form. Is there, for example, nothing else to do with shrimp than offer them as a capital covered with tomato catsup? Shrimp dishes with boiled rice, fried shrimp in butter and shrimp and noodle dishes are the choice of gourmet delicacies, but how many women try to make them?

Or if a family likes clams, they may always have them steamed and hot. Why not Clams Casino or Clams Oscar, where the open meat on its shell is sprinkled with melted butter, a strip of bacon and a mine of parsley. It's a dish quite worth trying. Or a provy scallop, having scalloped, boiled potatoes and topped with a mouth-watering cream, can sauce, is a dish fit for the best of kings. And fried clams so popular at roadside, could just as well be a home favorite, since nothing is easier to prepare and cook.

Cold sea-foods naturally score when the thermometer is playing hide-and-seek with the sun. Cold lobster with mayonnaise is a great salad for any occasion, and may be made by using canned lobster or fresh shrimp. Scallop or deviled sea-foods, re-packed in their shells or baked in a large scallop shell, are intriguing and not too elaborate for a family dinner.

Deviled crab may be prepared in advance and repacked into the shells or rammed in left in the refrigerator. A short ten-minute broiling under the broiler will suffice to serve them with

buttery browned crumbs. Mention has been made of pickled mussels, which brings up the point that all such sea-foods require lemon juice or grapefruit juice to intensify their flavor and to act as a contrast and digestant. A suspension of onion, garlic or shallots also brings out the natural salty flavor. Various herb vinegars do much to heighten the taste of sea-food.

Capers, mustard and celery are the best herb accompaniments. If batter is used, let it be plain and soft, salted, never sweet. Any sea-food tidbit, rolled in crumbs and egg, or dipped in batter, becomes automatically the delight of all epicures.

Serve shellfish in summer. Try new ways of cooking and preparing it. There are more than fifty ways to serve shrimp alone, a book of lobster recipes has been written, while regional cook books give page after page to clams and chowders. Among my favorite recipes are Gloucester Clam Pie, Crabmeat a la King, Sea Soup, Mussel Bisque.

Food from the sea may help you, a cooler kitchen, lower bills, and more delicious meals during the summer.

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